

BUDS & BLOSSOMS

For the

LITTLE
ONES



BY
EMMA PITT
BALTIMORE, Md

Price,

25 Cents.

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BUDS AND BLOSSOMS

FOR THE LITTLE ONES



A SONG BOOK

FOR INFANT CLASSES

OF

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

BY

EMMA PITT

PUBLISHED BY

EMMA PITT

BALTIMORE, MD.

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BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

EMMA PITT.

"They that seek me early shall find me."

H. W. PORTER.

1. { Buds and blos - soms fresh with beau - ty, Dew-drops nes - tle on the
Lil - y fair of snow - y white-ness, (*Omit.*)

2. { Make us buds of pre - cious pro - mise, We will ear - ly seek Thy
Give us thirs - ty "Buds and Blossoms" (*Omit.*)

3. { Hearts of love and songs of prais - es, We will greet Thee, Sav-iour,
These shall be the dai - ly trib - utes (*Omit.*)

2 CHORUS.

rose. Rich - ly in earth's gar - den grows. Buds and blos-soms full of
face. Dewdrops of Thy heav'n - ly grace.
King. E'en the small - est child can bring.

fra-grance, Lov-ing hearts to Thee we bring, We would with the love-liest

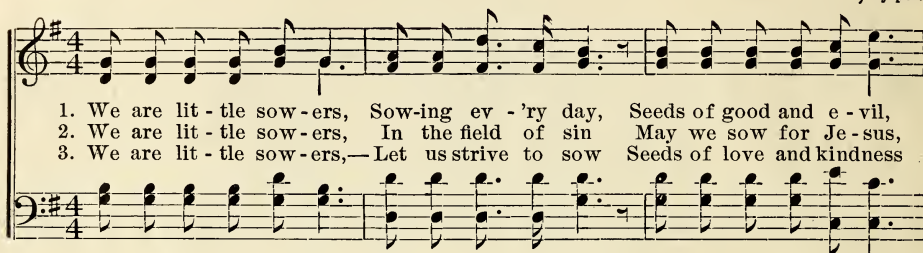
gar-lands Deck the al - tar of our King.



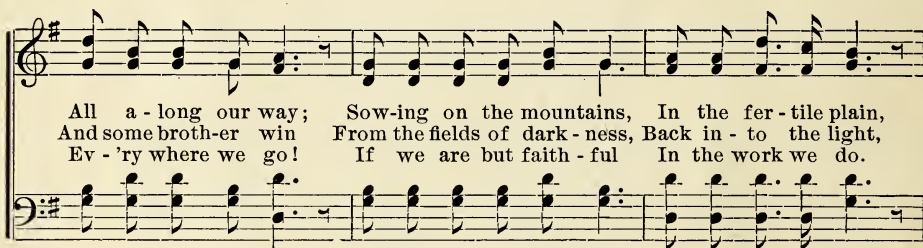
WE ARE LITTLE SOWERS.

G. W. L.

G. W. LYON, by per.

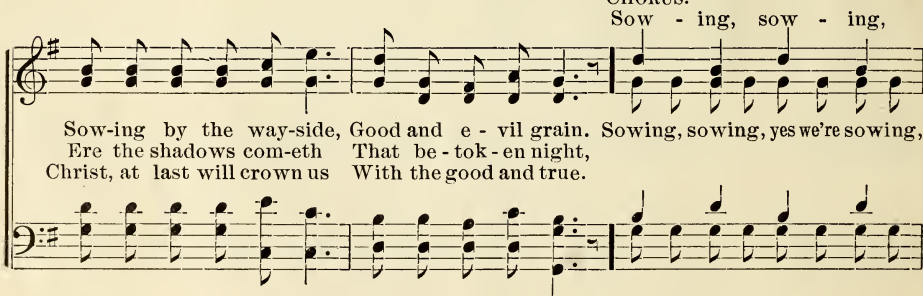


1. We are lit - tle sow - ers, Sow - ing ev - 'ry day, Seeds of good and e - vil,
 2. We are lit - tle sow - ers, In the field of sin May we sow for Je - sus,
 3. We are lit - tle sow - ers,— Let us strive to sow Seeds of love and kindness

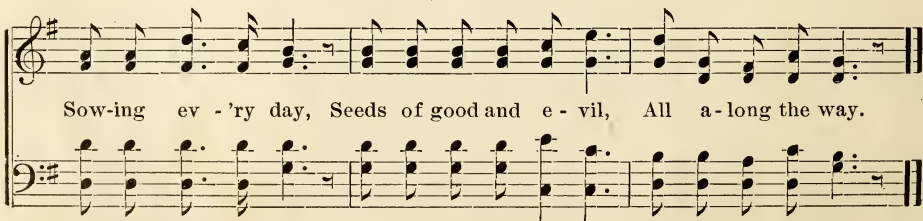


All a - long our way; Sow - ing on the mountains, In the fer - tile plain,
 And some broth - er win From the fields of dark - ness, Back in - to the light,
 Ev - 'ry where we go! If we are but faith - ful In the work we do.

CHORUS.



Sow - ing, sow - ing,
 Sow - ing by the way - side, Good and e - vil grain. Sowing, sowing, yes we're sowing,
 Ere the shadows com - eth That be - tok - en night,
 Christ, at last will crown us With the good and true.



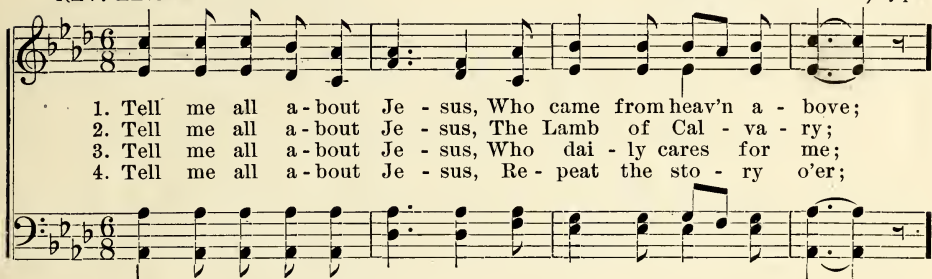
Sow - ing ev - 'ry day, Seeds of good and e - vil, All a - long the way.

TELL ME ALL ABOUT JESUS.

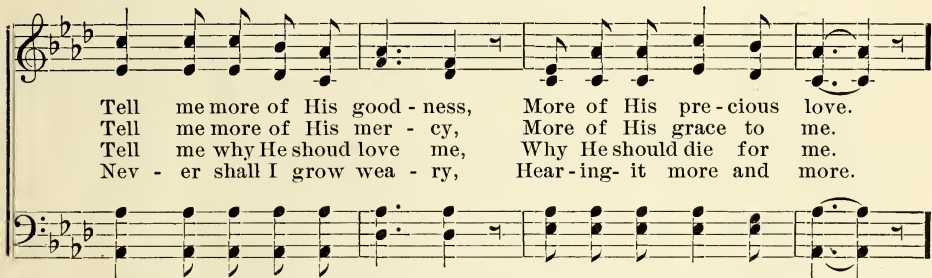
"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." — Mark 5: 19.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

CHAS. ED. POLLOCK, *by per.*



1. Tell me all a - bout Je - sus, Who came from heav'n a - bove;
 2. Tell me all a - bout Je - sus, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
 3. Tell me all a - bout Je - sus, Who dai - ly cares for me;
 4. Tell me all a - bout Je - sus, Re - peat the sto - ry o'er;

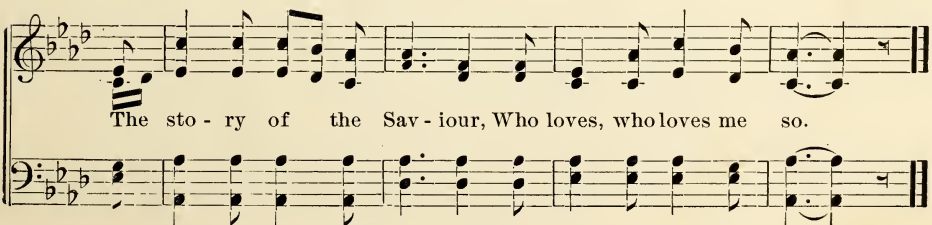


Tell me more of His good - ness, More of His pre - cious love.
 Tell me more of His mer - cy, More of His grace to me.
 Tell me why He should love me, Why He should die for me.
 Nev - er shall I grow wea - ry, Hear - ing - it more and more.

CHORUS.



Tell me all a - bout Je - sus; Tell me that I may know



The sto - ry of the Sav - iour, Who loves, who loves me so.

WHAT CAN WE CHILDREN BRING?

"Give me thine heart."

M. C. P.

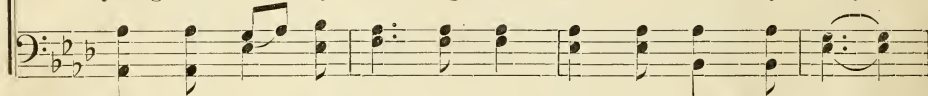
PRESTON GOWERS.



1. The wise may bring their learning, The rich may bring their wealth, And
2. We'll bring Him hearts that love Him, We'll bring Him songs of praise, And



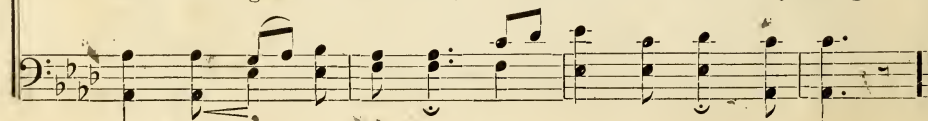
some may bring their great-ness, And some bring strength and health.
young souls meek-ly striv-ing To walk in ho-ly ways.



We too would bring our treas-ures, To of-fer to the King, We
And bet-ter are these treas-ures, To of-fer to the King, Than



have no wealth or learn-ing, What can we chil-dren bring?
rich-est gifts with-out them, And these a child may bring.



BEAUTIFUL THE LITTLE HANDS

"Whosoever shall give these little ones a cup of cold water only, shall in no wise lose his reward."—Matthew x: 42.

T. CORBEN, D.D.

BISHOP W. JOHNS.

Cheerful.

1. Beau - ti - ful the lit - tle hands That ful - fill the Lord's commands;
2. All the lit - tle hands were made Je - sus' pre - cious cause to aid;
3. All the lit - tle lips should pray To the Sav - iour ev - 'ry day;
4. What your lit - tle hands can do, That the Lord in - tends for you;

Beau - ti - ful the lit - tle eyes Kin - dled with light from the skies.
All the lit - tle hearts to beat Warm in His ser - vice so sweet.
All the lit - tle feet should go Swift on His er - rands be - low.
Make that thing your first de - light; Do it to Him with your might.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful lit - tle hands, That ful - fill the Lord's commands;

Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful lit - tle eyes, Kindled with light from the skies.

From "Gospel Bells," by per.



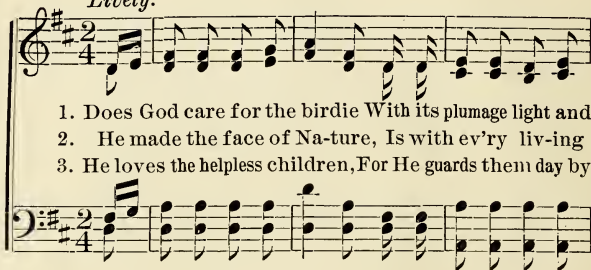
DOES GOD CARE FOR THE BIRDIE?

"Thou God seest me."

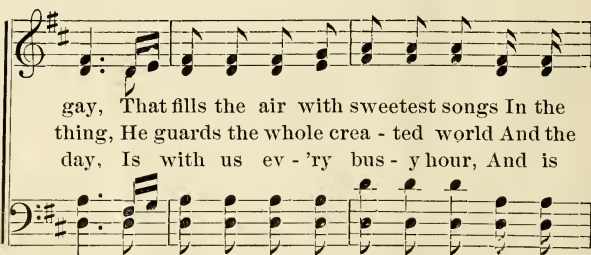
EMMA PITT.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Lively.

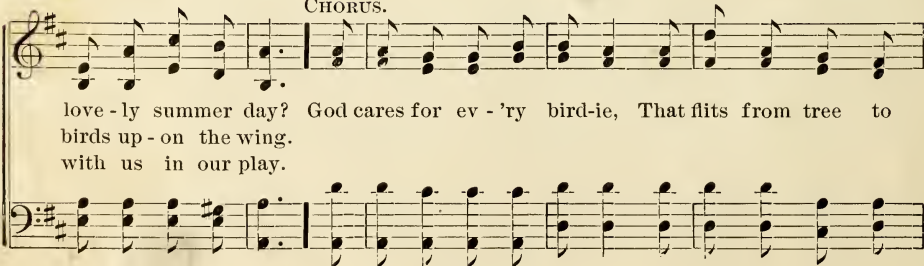


1. Does God care for the birdie With its plumage light and
2. He made the face of Na-ture, Is with ev'ry liv-ing
3. He loves the helpless children, For He guards them day by



gay, That fills the air with sweetest songs In the
thing, He guards the whole crea - ted world And the
day, Is with us ev - 'ry bus - y hour, And is

CHORUS.



love - ly summer day? God cares for ev - 'ry bird - ie, That flits from tree to
birds up - on the wing.
with us in our play.

DOES GOD CARE FOR THE BIRDIE?

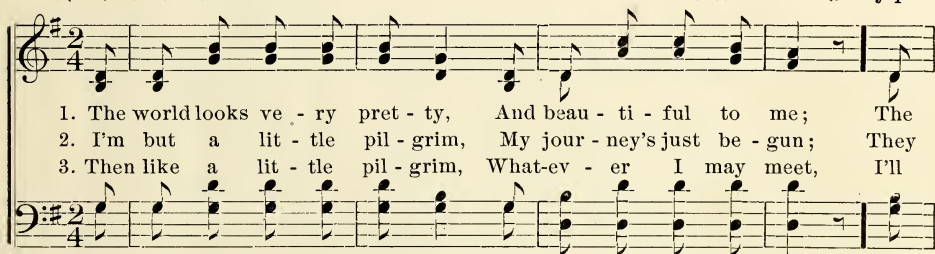


tree; And He who sees the spar-row fall Is watch-ing you and me.

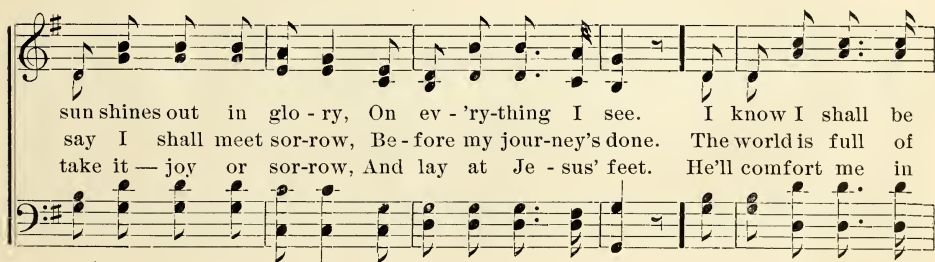
THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. S. KIEFFER. By per.



1. The world looks ve - ry pret - ty, And beau - ti - ful to me; The
2. I'm but a lit - tle pil - grim, My jour - ney's just be - gun; They
3. Then like a lit - tle pil - grim, What - ev - er I may meet, I'll



sun shines out in glo - ry, On ev - 'ry-thing I see. I know I shall be
say I shall meet sor-row, Be - fore my jour-ney's done. The world is full of
take it — joy or sor-row, And lay at Je - sus' feet. He'll comfort me in

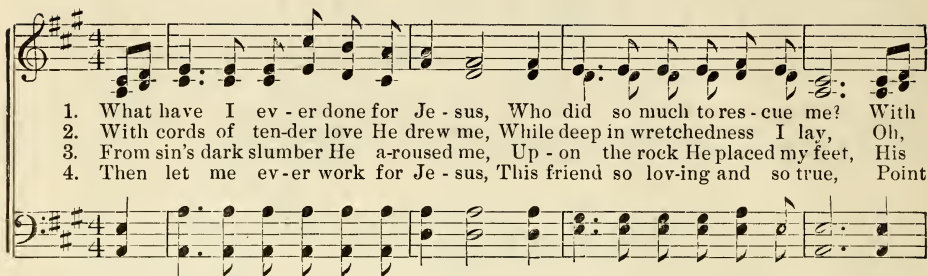


hap-py, While in the world I stay, For I will fol-low Je-sus all the way.
sor-row And suf-fer-ing they say; But I will fol-low Je-sus all the way.
trou-ble, He'll wipe my tears a-way; With joy I'll fol-low Je-sus all the way.

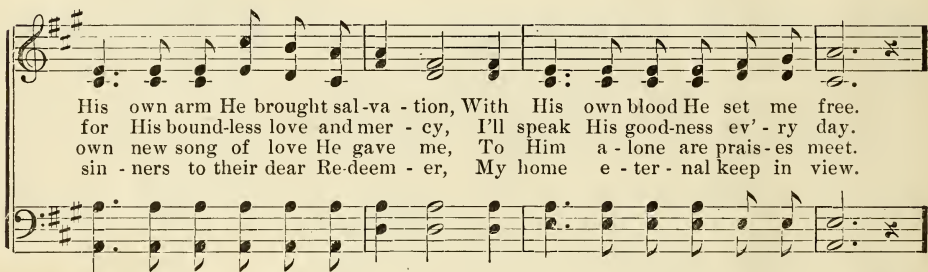
I'LL WORK FOR JESUS.

EMMA PITT.

EMMA PITT.

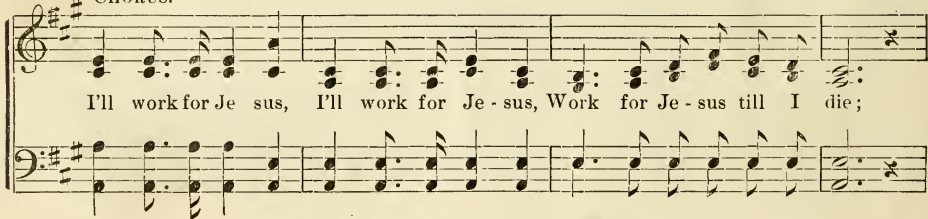


1. What have I ev - er done for Je - sus, Who did so much to res - cue me? With
2. With cords of ten - der love He drew me, While deep in wretchedness I lay, Oh,
3. From sin's dark slumber He a - roused me, Up - on the rock He placed my feet, His
4. Then let me ev - er work for Je - sus, This friend so lov - ing and so true, Point

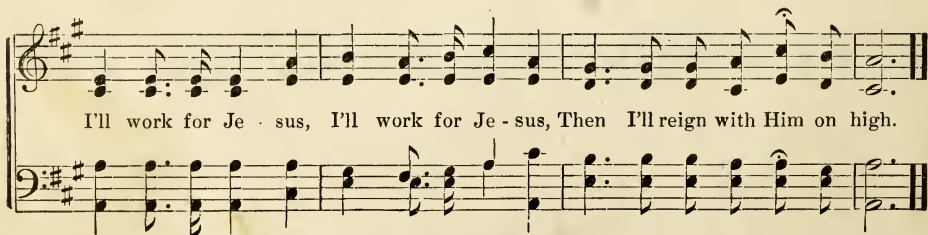


His own arm He brought sal - va - tion, With His own blood He set me free.
for His bound - less love and mer - cy, I'll speak His good - ness ev' - ry day.
own new song of love He gave me, To Him a - lone are prais - es meet.
sin - ners to their dear Re - deem - er, My home e - ter - nal keep in view.

CHORUS.



I'll work for Je - sus, I'll work for Je - sus, Work for Je - sus till I die;



I'll work for Je - sus, I'll work for Je - sus, Then I'll reign with Him on high.

From "Gospel Light."

ARE YOU SOWING THE SEEDS OF MERCY?

EMMA PITT.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

T. F. SEWARD.

1. Are you sow - ing the seeds of mer - cy, Fel - low pilgrim! day by day?
 2. Are you sow - ing in life's bright morning Seeds you e'er would wish to reap?
 4. Are you sow - ing the seeds of kindness, Bring - ing forth the golden grain?

CHO. Are you sow - ing the seeds of mer - cy, Fel - low pil - grim! day by day?

FINE.

Are you help - ing to point the sin - ner To the true and on - ly way?
 Trust - ing un - to the Lord till evening All this precious seed to keep?
 Are you tell - ing in words so ten - der Of the Lamb for sin - ners slain?

Are you help - ing to point the sin - ner To the true and on - ly way?

Are you sow - ing be - side all wa - ters? What are you sow - ing, sowing to - day?
 Hast! the field ev - en now is read - y: What are you sow - ing, sowing to - day?
 Soon the harvest will all be gathered: What are you sow - ing, sowing to - day?

D. C.

Deeds of kind - ness a warm heart proving? What are you sowing, sowing to - day?
 Soon the time will be gone for - ev - er: What are you sowing, sowing to - day?
 Hear the voice of the Mas - ter, say - ing, "What are you sowing, sowing to - day?"

"Spiritual Songs, by per."

STARS FOR THE CROWN.

EMMA PITT.

"Stars in the crown of rejoicing."

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Sprightly.

1. God made the star, the love - ly star, That peeps beneath the sky; We
 2. There gems shall shine as stars so bright In our Re-deemer's crown, When
 3. We'll take the poor and need - y ones, Tell them of Je - sus' love, And

love the hand that makes them beam From His bright home on high.
 we shall reach our home on high, And by His side sit down.
 try to win them for His own, To serve our Lord a - bove.

CHORUS.*

We'll be the stars, the pret - ty stars,
 We'll be the stars, the pret - ty stars,

To shine for Je - - - sus now; And gath - er
 To shine for Je - sus now;

* Teachers can take these under notes in chorus, (or they can be omitted, if too difficult).

STARS FOR THE CROWN.

gems, the pur-est gems, To crown His love-ly brow.
And gath-er gems, the purest gems, To crown His lovely brow.

LITTLE CHILDREN'S SONG.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Lit - tle beams of brightness, Lit - tle gems of love, Make the bliss-ful
2. So may lit - tle chil-dren, As a lit - tle band, Bright-en ev' - ry
3. Learning of the Sa-vi-our Is the heav'nly way, Lead - ing on to

E - den Of the realms a - bove, And the lit - tle an - gels,
foot-step To the heav'nly land. Lit - tle pray'rs de - vot - ed,
glo - ry, And e - ter - nal day. There we'll meet the chil - dren

Sing-ing as they roam, Make that land de-light-ful For a heav'n-ly home.
Lit - tle songs of praise, To our blessed Fa-ther Brighten all our days.
That have gone be - fore, And we'll find our lov'd ones Hap-py ev - er - more.

TENDER FLOWERS.

"I am the vine, ye are the branches."

EMMA PITT.

W. A. OGDEN.



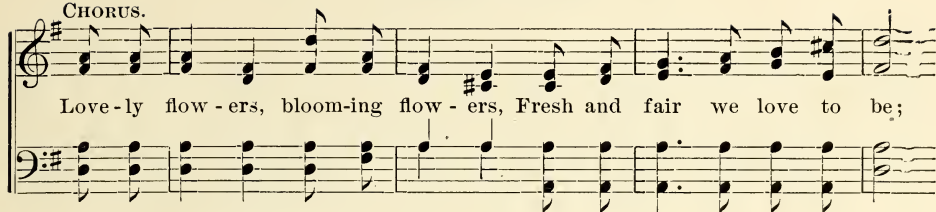
1. Lit - tle flow - ers, ten - der flow - ers, Flow - ers
 2. Snow - white dai - sies, love - ly dai - sies, Turn their
 3. Love - ly ros - es, fresh and bloom - ing, How we

fresh and bright are we; Bloom - ing
 fac - es to the light; Help us,
 dear - ly love them too; We, like

in the Sav - iour's gar - den, Pure and spot - less we would be.
 prec - ious Sav - iour, help us, Ev - er turn towards the right.
 them, will lift our fac - es, For thy sun - light, warm and true.

TENDER FLOWERS.

CHORUS.



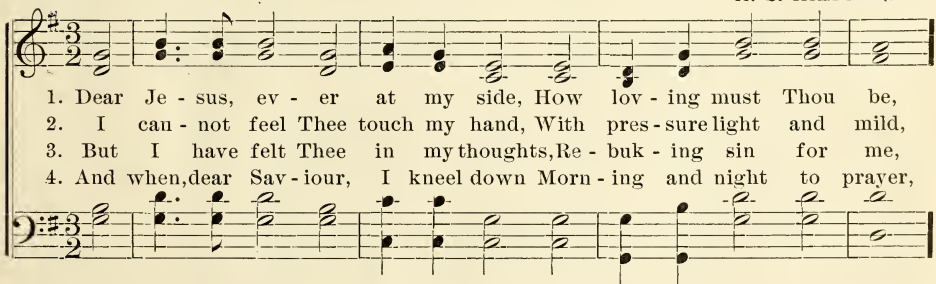
Love-ly flow-ers, bloom-ing flow-ers, Fresh and fair we love to be;



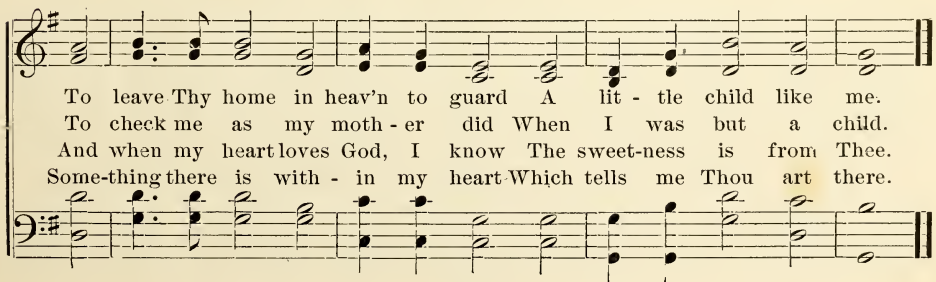
Bloom-ing in the Sav-iour's gar-den, Ten-der lit-tle plants are we.

SOMERVILLE.

A. S. KIEFFER.



1. Dear Je-sus, ev-er at my side, How lov-ing must Thou be,
 2. I can-not feel Thee touch my hand, With pres-sure light and mild,
 3. But I have felt Thee in my thoughts, Re-buk-ing sin for me,
 4. And when, dear Sav-iour, I kneel down Morn-ing and night to prayer,



To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard A lit-tle child like me.
 To check me as my moth-er did When I was but a child.
 And when my heart loves God, I know The sweet-ness is from Thee.
 Some-thing there is with-in my heart-Which tells me Thou art there.

HE WILL SMILE ON ME.

"Cause thy face to shine upon us."

EMMA PITT.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. A ten - der child be - neath the sun, I must pray, I must pray; Tho'
2. A lit - tle leaf up - on the tree, I will grow, I will grow; Wave
3. The an - gels yon - der in the sky, How they praise, how they praise; Yet

I am young and ver - y small, Still I love to pray.
in the soft wind mer - ri - ly, . . So I still will grow.
God can hear His lit - tle one, So I love to praise.

CHORUS.
Tho' I so lit - tle un - der - stand, Yet by my Sav - iour's side I'll stand.

HE WILL SMILE ON ME.

So He will smile on me, So He will smile on me.

This musical score is for the hymn 'HE WILL SMILE ON ME.' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics 'So He will smile on me, So He will smile on me.' written below the treble staff.

WORK WHILE 'TIS DAY.

G. W. L.

G. W. LYON, by per.

1. Up with the morn-ing, Work while 'tis day; Time, like a sum-mer cloud,
2. The Mas-ter calls you, Hear and o-bey; The grain is bend-ing low,
3. Soon the glad reap-ers All, all shall come Bear-ing the gold-en sheaves

This musical score is for the hymn 'WORK WHILE 'TIS DAY.' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics '1. Up with the morn-ing, Work while 'tis day; Time, like a sum-mer cloud, 2. The Mas-ter calls you, Hear and o-bey; The grain is bend-ing low, 3. Soon the glad reap-ers All, all shall come Bear-ing the gold-en sheaves' written below the treble staff.

Pass-eth a-way; The reap-ers are a-field, Help them with
Go work to-day; The sun is sink-ing fast, The day-light
Joy-ful-ly home; Ye who are toil-ing hard, Hear now the

This musical score is for the hymn 'WORK WHILE 'TIS DAY.' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics 'Pass-eth a-way; The reap-ers are a-field, Help them with Go work to-day; The sun is sink-ing fast, The day-light Joy-ful-ly home; Ye who are toil-ing hard, Hear now the' written below the treble staff.

will-ing zeal, Go forth and nev-er yield, Work while 'tis day.
can-not last, Har-vest will soon be past, Work while 'tis day.
Mas-ter's word, Ye shall have your re-ward, Well done, well done!

This musical score is for the hymn 'WORK WHILE 'TIS DAY.' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics 'will-ing zeal, Go forth and nev-er yield, Work while 'tis day. can-not last, Har-vest will soon be past, Work while 'tis day. Mas-ter's word, Ye shall have your re-ward, Well done, well done!' written below the treble staff.



THE SAVIOUR'S DEAR ONES.

"We love him because he first loved us."

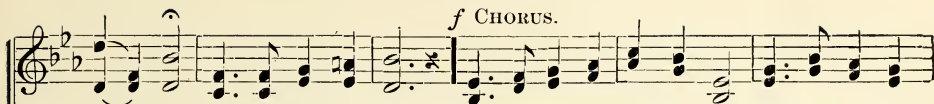
EMMA PITT.

PRESTON GOWERS.

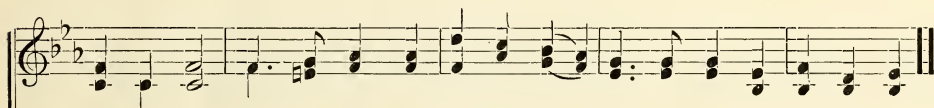
1. We are the Saviour's dear ones, He our hearts shall fill, Tho' we may oft-en
 2. We are the Saviour's dear ones, Much we need His care, And we will ear-ly
 3. We are the need - y chil - dren, Oft we cross His will, Tho' we may weakly

THE SAVIOUR'S DEAR ONES.

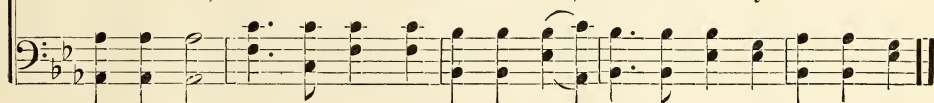
f CHORUS.



grieve Him, Yet He loves us still. This is what we want to know, Why the Saviour
seek Him, Seek His face in pray'r.
serve Him, Yet He loves us still.



loves us so, We so weak and full of sin, Yet He kind-ly takes us in.



RECITATION.

For two little girls.

FIRST LITTLE GIRL.

I have no frankincense, no myrrh,
I have no spice, no oil,
But here are snowy *roses*, Christ,
Without a stain or soil,
O fairest Lord, for *Thy* dear sake,
My roses take.

SECOND LITTLE GIRL.

I have no silver and no gem,
No virgin gold for Thee,
But here are *lilies*, white as light
And sweet with purity,
O fairest Lord, for *Thy* dear sake,
My lilies take.

RECITATION.

1 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

2 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That I shall surely go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

MARCHING ONWARD.

"In my father's house are many mansions."

EMMA PITT.

H. W. PORTER.

Moderato.

1. We're a band of hap - py chil - dren As we come un - to
2. We will praise Thee, glad - ly praise Thee, As we sing un - to
3. We're a band of hap - py chil - dren As we sing of Thy

Thee, And we glad - ly of - fer prais - es For Thy love full and free.
Thee, If we fol - low Christ our lead - er We shall then hap - py be.
love, We are march - ing, glad - ly march - ing To our bright home a - bove.

CHORUS.

March - ing on - ward, still on - ward, With glad prais - es we

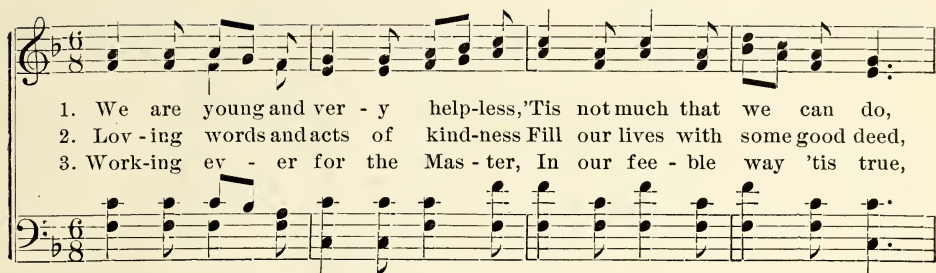
come, We're a band of Thy chil - dren Brightly march - ing home.

IF BUT A FEW.

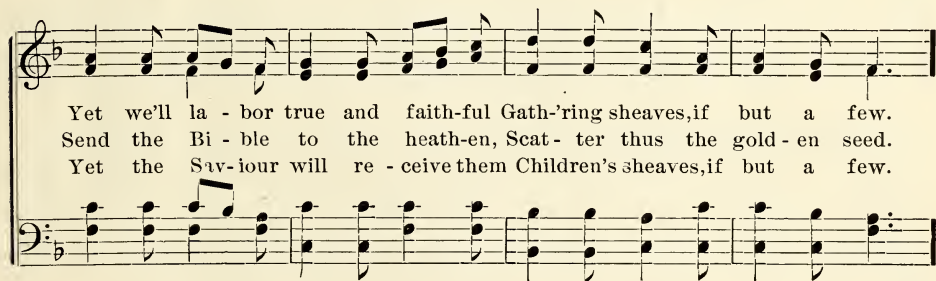
"They that seek me early shall find me."

EMMA PITT.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

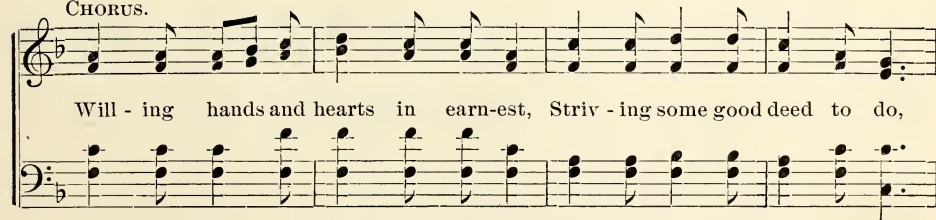


1. We are young and ver - y help-less, 'Tis not much that we can do,
2. Lov - ing words and acts of kind-ness Fill our lives with some good deed,
3. Work-ing ev - er for the Mas - ter, In our fee - ble way 'tis true,

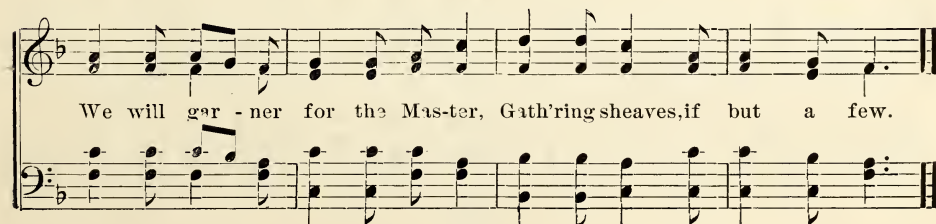


Yet we'll la - bor true and faith-ful Gath-ring sheaves, if but a few.
Send the Bi - ble to the heath-en, Scat - ter thus the gold - en seed.
Yet the Sav-iour will re - ceive them Children's sheaves, if but a few.

CHORUS.



Will - ing hands and hearts in earn-est, Striv - ing some good deed to do,



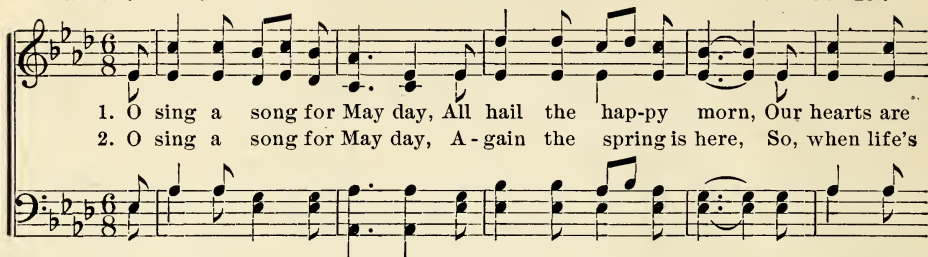
We will gar - ner for the Mas-ter, Gath'ring sheaves, if but a few.

MAY DAY SONG.

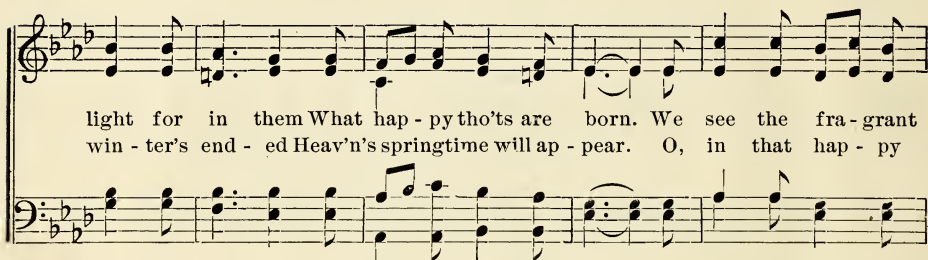
"The time of the singing of the birds has come."

E. E. REXFORD.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. O sing a song for May day, All hail the hap-py morn, Our hearts are
2. O sing a song for May day, A-gain the spring is here, So, when life's

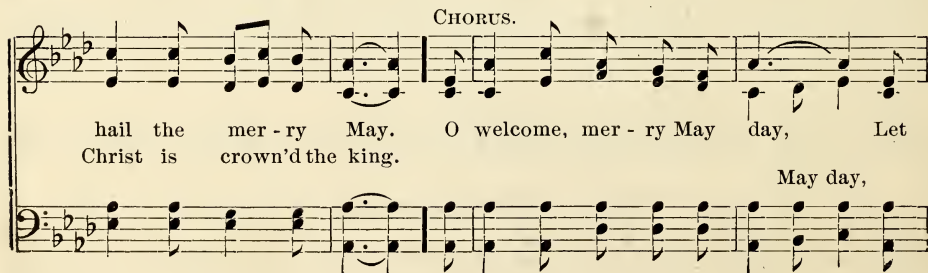


light for in them What hap - py tho'ts are born. We see the fra-grant
win - ter's end - ed Heav'n's springtime will ap - pear. O, in that hap - py



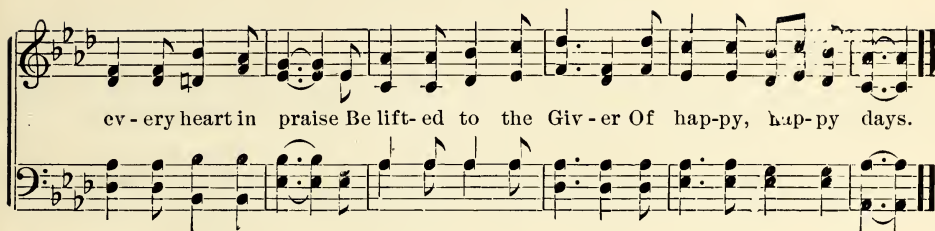
flow - ers, God scat - ters in our way, The world is bright with sunshine, All
coun - try, God grant we all may sing A song that's sweeter, gladder, Where

CHORUS.



hail the mer - ry May. O welcome, mer - ry May day, Let
Christ is crown'd the king. May day,

MAY DAY SONG.



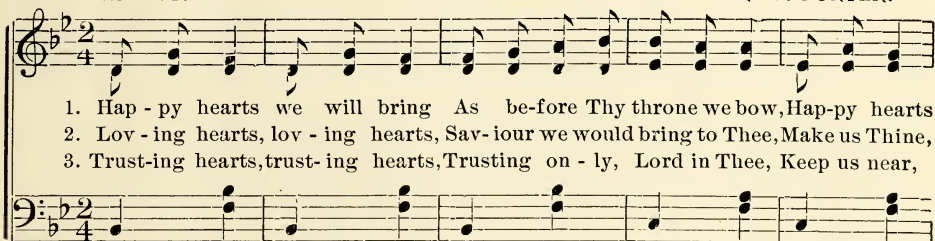
ev - ery heart in praise Be lift - ed to the Giv - er Of hap - py, hap - py days.

HAPPY HEARTS.

"The Lord is in his holy temple."

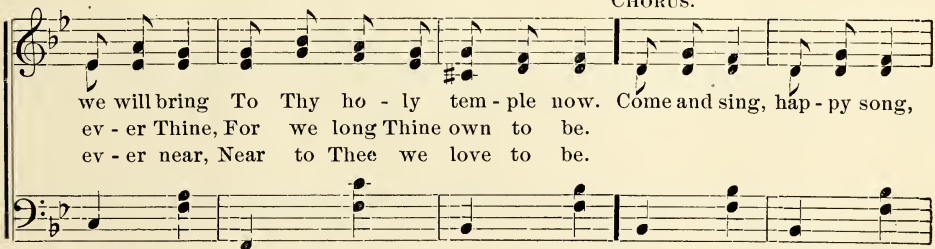
EMMA PITT.

H. W. PORTER.

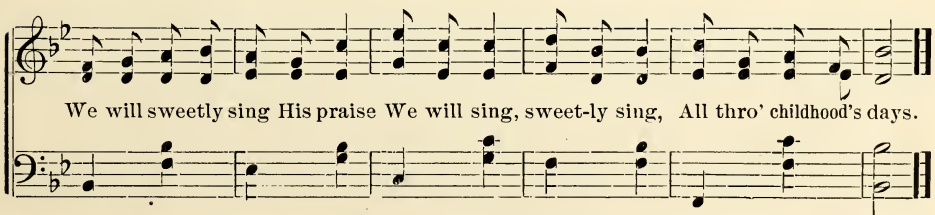


1. Hap - py hearts we will bring As be - fore Thy throne we bow, Hap - py hearts
2. Lov - ing hearts, lov - ing hearts, Sav - iour we would bring to Thee, Make us Thine,
3. Trust - ing hearts, trust - ing hearts, Trusting on - ly, Lord in Thee, Keep us near,

CHORUS.



we will bring To Thy ho - ly tem - ple now. Come and sing, hap - py song,
ev - er Thine, For we long Thine own to be.
ev - er near, Near to Thee we love to be.



We will sweetly sing His praise We will sing, sweet - ly sing, All thro' childhood's days.

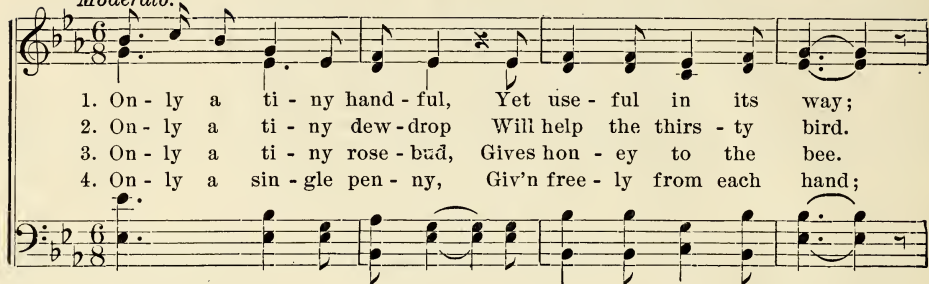
ONLY A TINY HANDFUL.

"Despise not the day of small things."

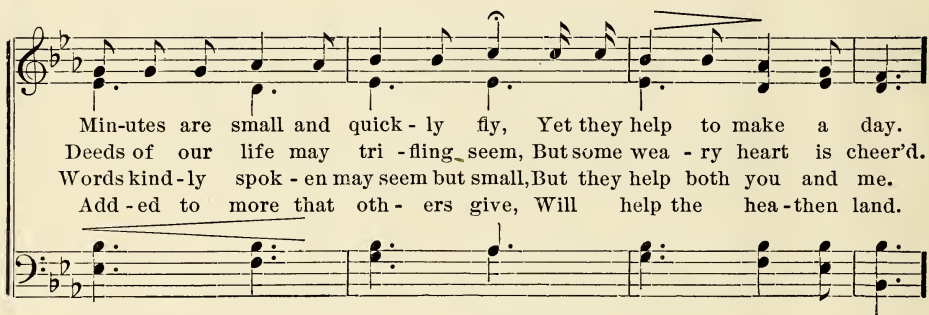
EMMA PITT.

H. W. PORTER.

Moderato.



1. On - ly a ti - ny hand - ful, Yet use - ful in its way;
 2. On - ly a ti - ny dew - drop Will help the thirs - ty bird.
 3. On - ly a ti - ny rose - bud, Gives hon - ey to the bee.
 4. On - ly a sin - gle pen - ny, Giv'n free - ly from each hand;

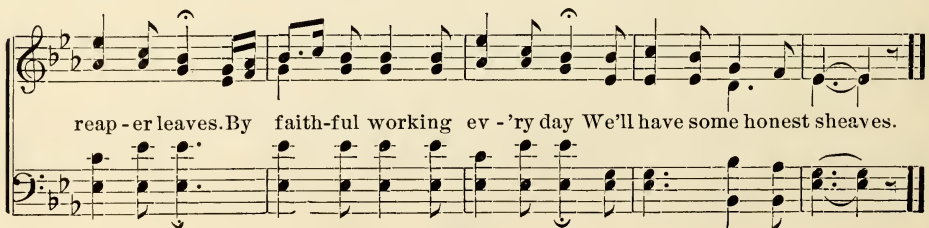


Min - utes are small and quick - ly fly, Yet they help to make a day.
 Deeds of our life may tri - fling seem, But some wea - ry heart is cheer'd.
 Words kind - ly spok - en may seem but small, But they help both you and me.
 Add - ed to more that oth - ers give, Will help the hea - then land.

CHORUS.



If 'tis on - ly a ti - ny handful, Just a ti - ny handful; We'll gather what the



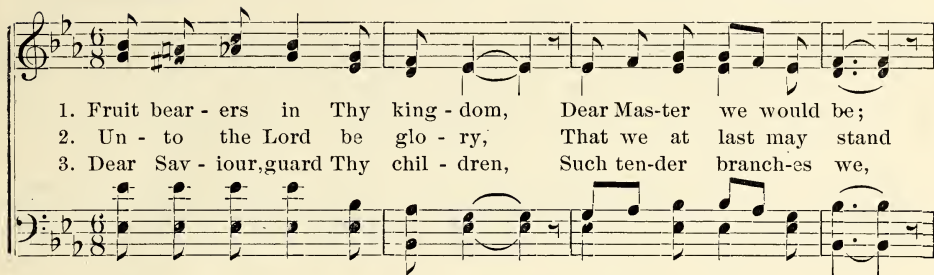
reap - er leaves. By faith - ful working ev - 'ry day We'll have some honest sheaves.

FRUIT BEARERS.

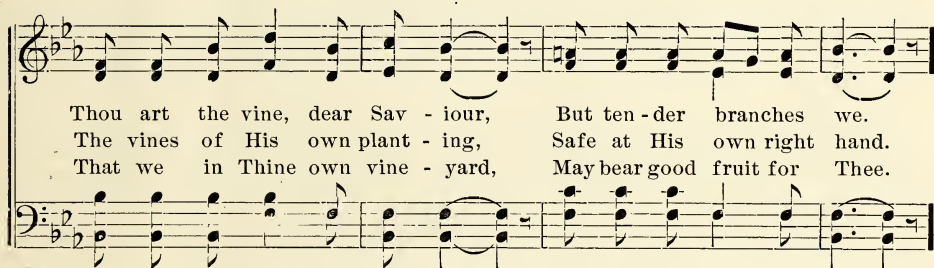
"Herein is my father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."

EMMA PITT.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Fruit bear - ers in Thy king - dom, Dear Mas - ter we would be;
 2. Un - to the Lord be glo - ry, That we at last may stand
 3. Dear Sav - iour, guard Thy chil - dren, Such ten - der branch - es we,



Thou art the vine, dear Sav - iour, But ten - der branches we.
 The vines of His own plant - ing, Safe at His own right hand.
 That we in Thine own vine - yard, May bear good fruit for Thee.

CHORUS.



Bear - ing the fruit for Je - sus, To glo - ri - fy our King; In -



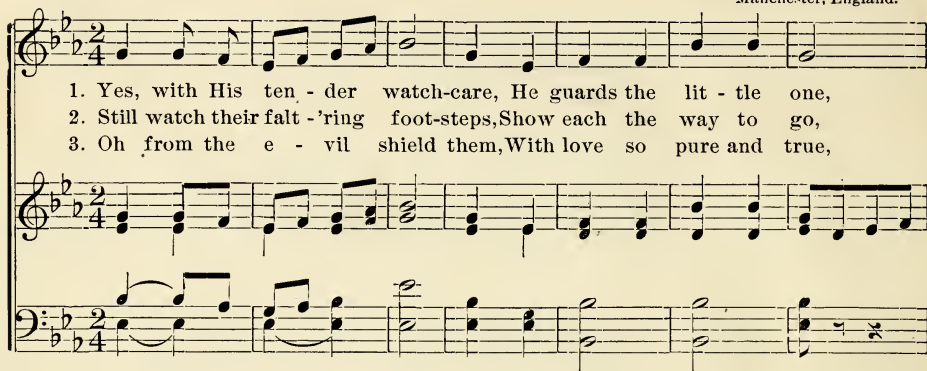
to Thy bless - ed store - house Help us much fruit to bring.

HE GUARDS THE LITTLE ONE.

EMMA PITT.

"Fear not, little flock."

SAMUEL CAPPER.
Manchester, England.

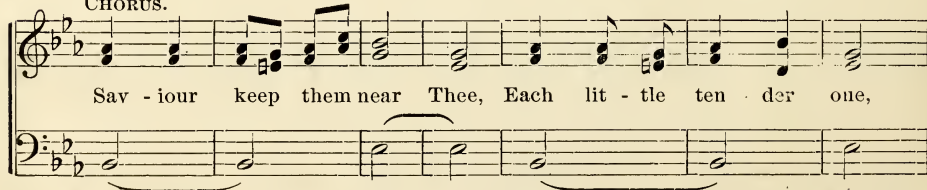


1. Yes, with His ten - der watch-care, He guards the lit - tle one,
2. Still watch their falt - 'ring foot-steps, Show each the way to go,
3. Oh from the e - vil shield them, With love so pure and true,



Each day, and noon, and eve - ning, Or ris - ing of the sun.
Bring them in - to Thy sun - shine, Where pur - est wa - ters flow.
When from the right they wan - der, Oh keep Thy - self in view.

CHORUS.



Sav - iour keep them near Thee, Each lit - tle ten - der one,

From "Infant Songs" by per.

HE GUARDS THE LITTLE ONE.



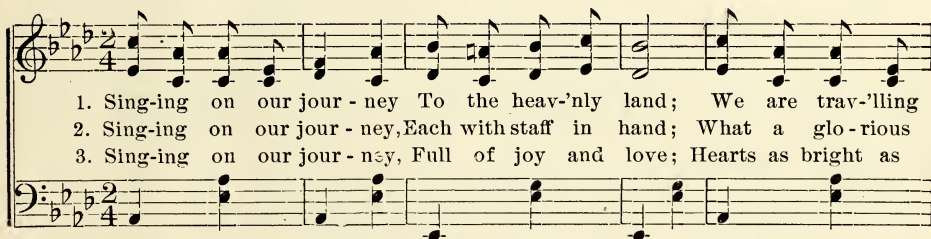
On Thy bo - som bear them, When work and play is done.

TRAVELLING HOMEWARD.

EMMA PITT.

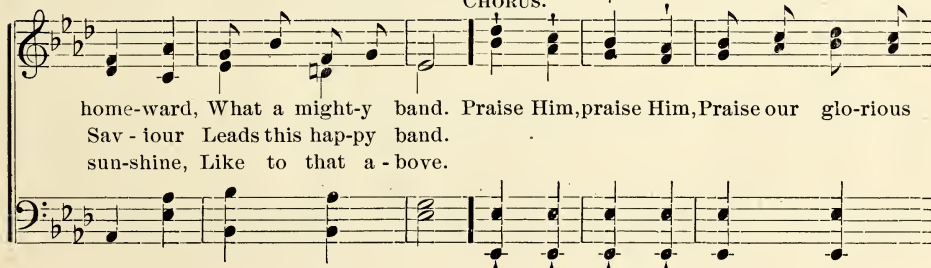
"Then was our mouth filled with singing."

H. W. PORTER.



1. Sing-ing on our jour - ney To the heav-'nly land; We are trav-'lling
2. Sing-ing on our jour - ney, Each with staff in hand; What a glo - rious
3. Sing-ing on our jour - ney, Full of joy and love; Hearts as bright as

CHORUS.



home-ward, What a might-y band. Praise Him, praise Him, Praise our glo - rious
Sav - iour Leads this hap-py band.
sun-shine, Like to that a - bove.



King. Je - sus is our lov - ing Sav-iour, Songs of praise we sing.

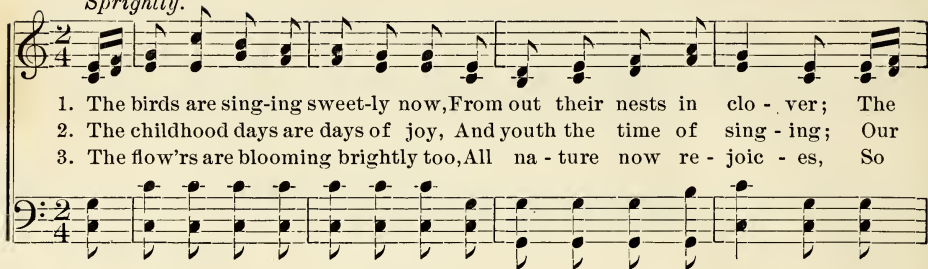
SPRING SONG.

"The flowers appear upon the earth."

EMMA PITT.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Sprightly.

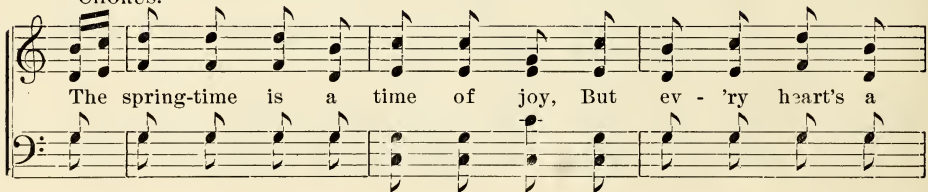


1. The birds are sing-ing sweet-ly now, From out their nests in clo - ver; The
2. The childhood days are days of joy, And youth the time of sing - ing; Our
3. The flow'rs are blooming brightly too, All na - ture now re - joic - es, So



earth is full of joy and love, All the wide world o - ver.
Sav-iour's praises should be the song, Joy - ful notes be ring - ing.
we will join the bird and flow'r With happy, cheer - ful voic - es.

CHORUS.



The spring-time is a time of joy, But ev - 'ry heart's a



rov - er; And lit - tle folks must all be good, All the wide world o - ver.

HAPPY ARE WE.

"He is my rock and fortress."

SELECTED.

CHAS. EDW. FOLLOCK.

1. God's own lit - tle flock, And shel-ter'd so close In the cleft of the Rock :
 2. What good can we do For the Mas - ter so dear? Lone-ly hearts we can cheer ;
 3. How man - y there are Not safe in the fold ! They are out in the cold ;

Hap - py are we,— Thy dear lit - tle flock,— Hap-py are we in Je - sus.
 Work - ers we'll be,— yes work - ers we'll be,— Workers for our dear Je - sus.
 Win them we'll try,— yes win them we'll try,— Win them for our dear Je - sus.

DIALOGUE IN SONG.

FIRST VOICE.

Ye pretty twinkling stars that shine
 Above my head so high,
 If I had but a pair of wings
 I'd join you in the sky.

FIRST VOICE.

Does anybody say "be still"
 When you would run or play?
 Does anybody hinder you
 When you would have your way?

SECOND VOICE.

If you will listen unto me
 I'll tell you what is best,
 Just be content with what you are
 And leave to God the rest.

SECOND VOICE.

We have a Father, little boy,
 Who guides us on our way,
 We never question when He speaks,
 We listen and obey.



LOVING HEARTS.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

B. F. B.

B. F. BROWN.

1. We are hap - py child - dren,
 2. Sto - ries of the Shep - herds,
 3. While the star - land show - ers
 4. Prais - es to the Sav - iour

Full of joy to know That the Saviour loves us, For He tells us so;
 Of the star - lit sky, Of the an - gels sing - ing Praise to God on high;
 Diamonds in the sky, Ho - ly an - gels watching Guard from dan - ger nigh;
 Joy - ful - ly we sing, And we love to tell that Je - sus is our King;

In the ho - ly Bi - ble; How our hearts are stirred By its won - drous
 Sto - ries of the Sav - iour, Of His life be - low, How He died to
 So when gold - en sun - beams Robe the new - born day, All our foot - steps
 By the crys - tal riv - er, Lov - ing - ly He waits, Till our Fa - ther

sto - ries, Sweet - est ev - er heard. Prais - es to the Sav - iour,
 save us, For He loved us so.
 guid - ing, Je - sus leads the way.
 calls us Through the pearl - y gates.

LOVING HEARTS.

Joy-ful - ly we sing, Lov-ing hearts to Je - sus, Lit - tle children bring.

GOD IS LOVE.

FLOWER SONG.

"Every good and perfect gift cometh from above."

KATE GLENN.

H. W. PORTER.

1. Flow - ers bloom-ing bright - ly, Make our earth so glad, We without God's
2. Flow - ers teach a les - son. See the dais - y white, In 'ts child-like
3. From the clo - ver blos - soms Bu - sy bees are fed, This a ser-mon

lov - ing Would be drear and sad. Ev - 'ry fra-grant blos - som
beau - ty Looks to God for light. Ros - es mean He loves us,
preach - es, As they lift their head. Ev - 'ry dai - ly bless - ing

Sent us from a - bove, Ev - 'ry bud and flow - er tells us God is love.
Sees us from a - bove, So their perfume sweet-ly whis-pers God is love.
Sent us from a - bove, Speaks to us in gen - tle whis-pers God is love.

OUR LITTLE DEEDS.

"In the morning sow thy seed."

EMMA PITT.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. How can our lit - tle help, we say, En - rich the Sav - iour's field?
 2. The ti - ny clus - ter'd di - amond points A - round a cen - tral gem;
 3. The wheat must ver - y slow - ly fill, And ri - pen grain by grain;

The Lord can mul - ti - ply the seed, And make a - bun - dant yield.
 Our lit - tle deeds will shine at last In Je - sus' di - a - dem.
 So if we work for Je - sus here, It will not be in vain.

CHORUS.

Our lit - tle deeds will shine, Our lit - tle deeds will shine,

OUR LITTLE DEEDS.

Our lit - tle deeds will shine at last, When the har-vest's gath-ered in.

OUR FATHER.

"Thou God seest me."

S. W. B.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. From the sun - ny morning To the star - ry night, Ev - 'ry look and
2. From our ear - liest breath - ing To our lat - est year, Ev - 'ry sound we
3. Thro' our earth - ly jour - ney, Where - so - e'er we go, Ev - 'ry thought and

CHORUS.

ac - tion, Meets our Fa - ther's sight. Help us, O our Fa - ther,
ut - ter, Meets our Fa - ther's ear.
feel - ing, Doth our Fa - ther know.

Hear our ear - nest plea; Teach Thy lit - tle children How to live for Thee.

LITTLE LIGHTS FOR GOD ARE WE.

"Let your light so shine before men, etc."

EMMA PITT.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Lit - tle lights for God are we, Shin - ing hap - py, bright and free,
2. Je - sus sees us ev - ery day, In our work, or in our play,

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in 2/4 time and B-flat major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Je - sus bids us all take care, That some one our light may share;
He is ev - er by our side, From Him noth - ing can we hide;

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Some-times pret - ty lips will pout, Then the ti - ny light goes out,
When we from all an - ger turn, Then our lit - tle lights will burn,

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

We are weak, and thus we pray, Sav - iour, keep us day by day.
We are weak, and thus we pray, Sav - iour, keep us day by day.

The fourth system of musical notation. It concludes the song with a final measure. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

From "Infant Songs," by per.

LITTLE LIGHTS FOR GOD ARE WE.

CHORUS.



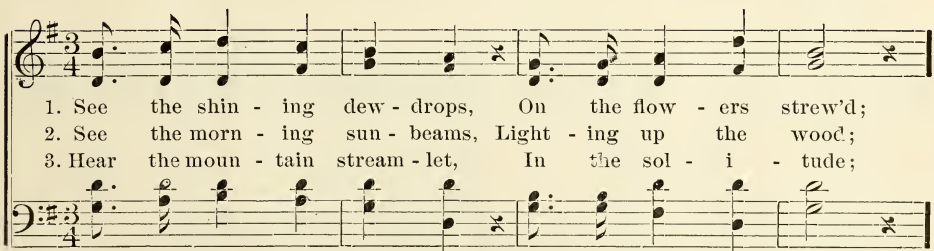
Lit - tle lights of God are we, May we ev - er shine for Thee,



Sav-iour, bless each ti - ny star, Light-ing oth - ers from a - far.

SHINING DEW-DROPS.

*



1. See the shin - ing dew - drops, On the flow - ers strew'd;
2. See the morn - ing sun - beams, Light - ing up the wood;
3. Hear the moun - tain stream - let, In the sol - i - tude;



Prov - ing as they spar - kle, God is ev - er good.
Si - lent - ly pro - claim - ing, God is ev - er good.
With its rip - ples say - ing, God is ev - er good.

CHRISTMAS JOYS.

(WITH BELLS.)

MRS. D. C. DOANE.

E. KARL.

Sprightly.



1. How sweet-ly smiles the Christ-mas light, Ring the
 2. Sing out the mes-sage once a - gain, Ring the
 3. Yet once a - gain we meet in love, Ring the

bells! Ring the bells! Let ev-'ry heart be glad and bright, Ring the
 bells! Ring the bells! 'Tis "peace on earth, good-will to men," Ring the
 bells! Ring the bells! Sing praises to our Lord a - bove, Ring the

Ring the bells! Ring the bells!

bells! Ring the bells! Dis-pel all gloom and ban-ish fear, For
 bells! Ring the bells! Ring out the an - them to the sky, Of
 bells! Ring the bells! Yet once a - gain we hear the chime That

Ring the bells! Ring the bells!

Christ-mas joys once more are here,
 glo - ry be to God on high, } Ring the bells! Ring the
 peals in joy our Christ - mas time, }

Ring the bells!

CHRISTMAS JOYS.

Bells!

bells! Ring the mer-ry, mer-ry Christ-mas bells, ring the bells!

Ring the bells!

THE CHILDREN FAR AWAY.

SELECTED.

"Thy word is a light to my path."

H. W. PORTER.

1. In lands full of dark-ness, A-cross the blue wave, Are man-y dear
2. In lands full of dark-ness, Way o-ver the sea, For light they are
3. No kind Chris-tian par-ents To teach them the way, To tell them of

CHORUS.

chil-dren The Lord died to save. We'll send them the Bi-ble, The
plead-ing That shines here so free.
Je-sus, Or teach them to pray.

dear, bless-ed Bi-ble, We'll send them the Bi-ble, The children a-way.

A CROWN OF JEWELS.

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown."

EMMA PITT.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. I have a crown of jew-els bright, My Sav-iour bought for me, And
2. My pre-cious Sav-lour shed His blood, To pur-chase life for me, By
3. Oh when from sin and death I'm free, I'll greet my heav'n-ly King, When

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody line, a piano accompaniment in the right hand, and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

when I reach that world of light, His bless-ed face I'll see.
faith I view that crim-son flood, Which flows from Cal-va-ry.
with the ran-somed I shall be, E-ter-nal love I'll sing.

The second system continues the musical score with the same notation and layout as the first system, including vocal melody, piano accompaniment, and bass line.

CHORUS.
A gold-en crown, A precious crown, My Sav-iour has for me.

The chorus section is marked with a bracket and the word 'CHORUS.' It continues the musical score with the same notation and layout, featuring the vocal melody, piano accompaniment, and bass line.

From "Infant Songs," by per.

A CROWN OF JEWELS.

And when I reach that world of light, My glo-rious crown I'll see.

WE WILL JOIN THE BIRDIES' SONG.

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

EMMA PITT.

EMMA PITT.

Brightly.

1. Lit-tle bir-die, come and see What we have to say; You are ev-er
2. What a les-son sweet you teach All your life a-long; Thank-ful for the
3. Nev-er i-dle, nev-er cross, Bright and joy-ous bird; God, our Mak-er,
4. Yon-der from His man-sions fair, Sends the bright, warm sun; Giv-ing light to

CHORUS.

sing-ing sweet All the mer-ry day. Prais-es sweet, yours and mine,
life you have, In your love-ly song.
loves you too, Ev-'ry note is heard.
you and me, Till our work is done.

Reach the up-per sky; We will join the bir-die's song, Praise to God on high.

BRIGHT LITTLE STAR.

EMMA PITT.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Bright lit - tle star, Shin - ing in the sky, Twin - kle, twin - kle
 2. Sweet lit - tle star, Pure as an - gels eyes, Fair - er we shall
 3. When Je - sus gives Us a robe of white, As the stars we'll

on, In your home on high, Twin - kle, twin - kle on, In your
 be, When we reach the skies, Fair - er we shall be, When we
 shine Ev - er, ev - er bright, As the stars we'll shine Ev - er

CHORUS.

home on · high. Sweet-ly we will shine Bright-er than the star,
 reach the skies.
 ev - er bright.

BRIGHT LITTLE STAR.



RECITATION.

O, where is thy home, lovely flower, I said,
 As I brushed off the dew from its petals fair.
 "My home," said the rose, with a blush of red,
 "My home you will find where love makes my bed,
 And watches with care: it is there, ever there."

O, where is thy home, happy warbler, pray tell?
 With the sweetest of songs, and plumage so fair;
 "My home," sang the Gold Finch, "is in yonder dell,
 Where the oak's swaying branches protect me so well,
 And my nestlings fair: it is there, ever there."

O, where is thy home? I asked a sweet child,
 With eyes of the blue, and soft golden hair.
 "My home is wid mamma, I'se mamma's own child,"
 Lisped the sweet little one in reply, as she smiled,
 "Wid my mamma, you know, yite there, over there."

RECITATION.

Who'll make the brandy-peaches,
 Or brandy-flavored pie,
 And help the liquor traffic?
 Not I.

Who wants in time of sickness
 A little ale to try,
 Or beer or wine to poison?
 Not I.

Who likes a boy that tipples
 A little on the sly,
 Or smokes cigars in private?
 Not I.

And when we girls are women
 (We shall be by and by),
 Who'll have a drinking husband?
 Not I.



THE SUNBEAM.

"Arise, shine, for the light has come."

EMMA PITT.

MAY CLIFTON.

1. I'm a lit - tle sun - beam, I know how to shine, For the light is
 2. In this world of dark - ness, Je - sus bids us shine; For He free - ly
 3. See the ti - ny flow - 'ret, How it grows and blooms; To the sun - beam
 4. So we lit - tle blos - soms Of the Sav - iour's love, Owe to His great

REFRAIN.

beam - ing In this heart of mine. I'm a lit - tle sun - beam,
 gives us Of His light di - vine.
 ow - ing All its sweet per - fume.
 mer - cy Light sent from a - bove.

THE SUNBEAM.

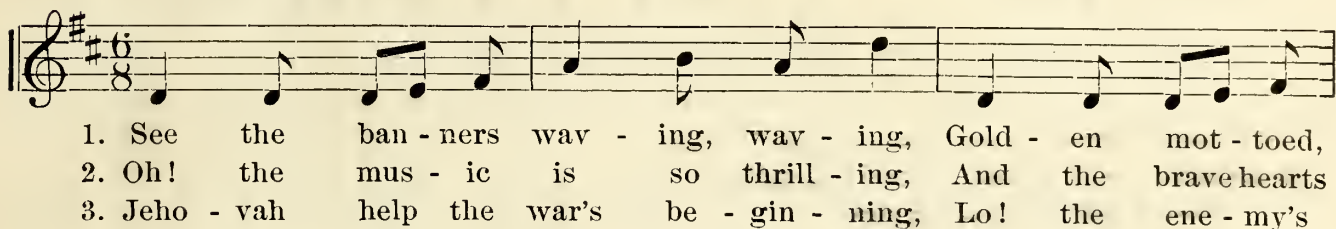


Shin - ing, shin - ing, I'm a lit - tle sun - beam, Shin-ing all the day.

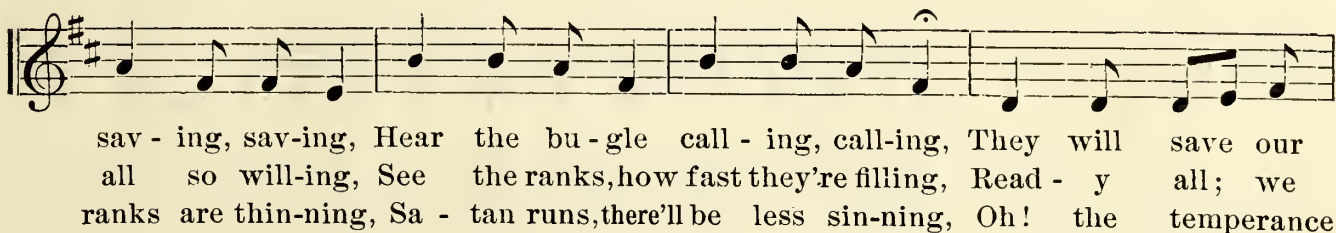
COLD WATER ARMY SONG.

EMMA E. ORENDORFF.

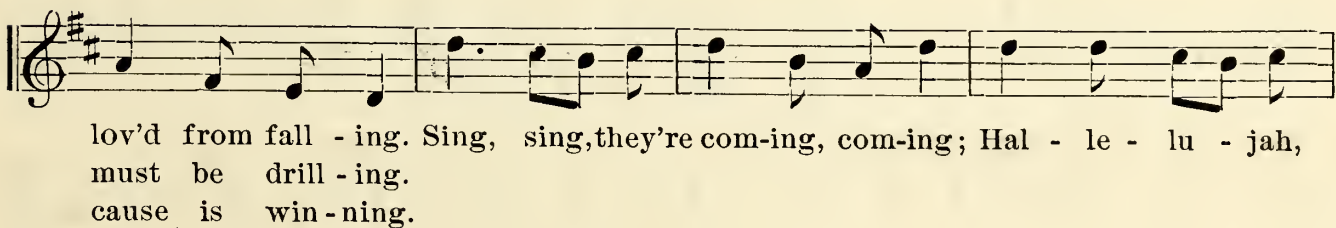
ABBIE NEWMAN.



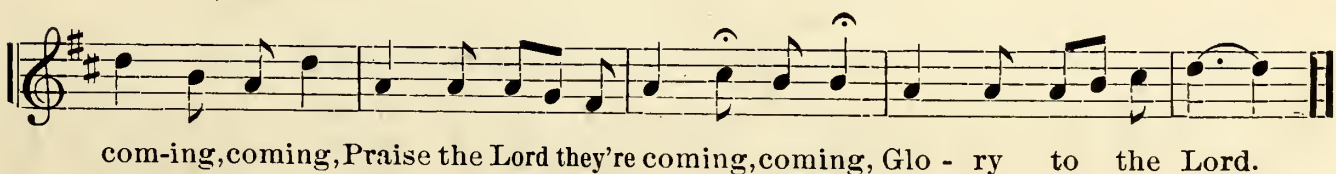
1. See the ban - ners wav - ing, wav - ing, Gold - en mot - toed,
2. Oh! the mus - ic is so thrill - ing, And the brave hearts
3. Jeho - vah help the war's be - gin - ning, Lo! the ene - my's



sav - ing, sav-ing, Hear the bu - gle call - ing, call-ing, They will save our
all so will-ing, See the ranks, how fast they're filling, Read - y all; we
ranks are thin-ning, Sa - tan runs, there'll be less sin-ning, Oh! the temperance



lov'd from fall - ing. Sing, sing, they're com-ing, com-ing; Hal - le - lu - jah,
must be drill - ing.
cause is win - ning.

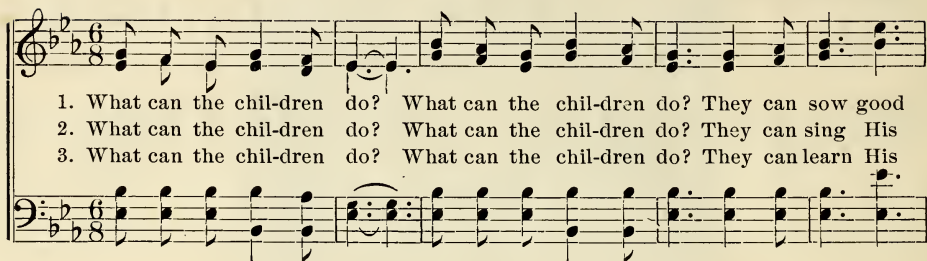


com-ing, coming, Praise the Lord they're coming, coming, Glo - ry to the Lord.

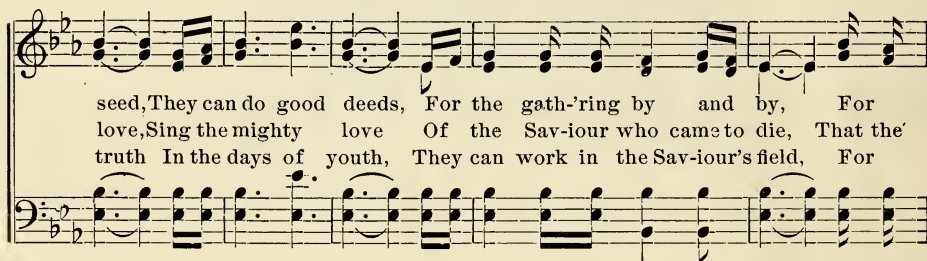
FOR THE GATHERING BY AND BY.

"Come ye blessed of my Father."

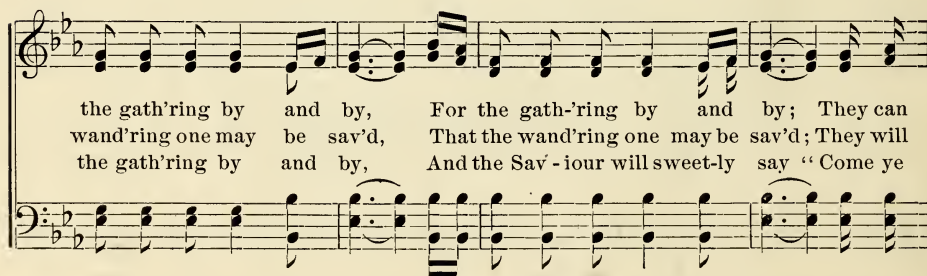
ABBIE NEWMAN.



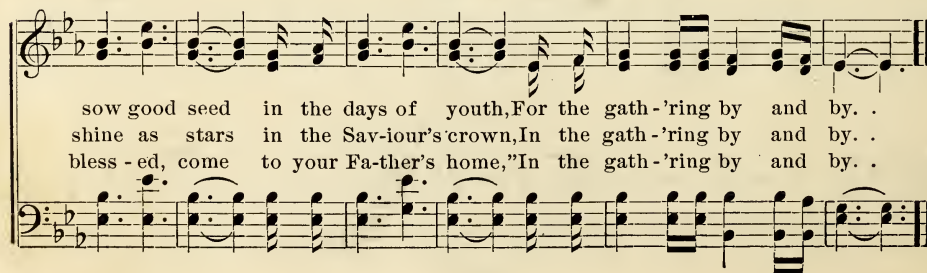
1. What can the chil-dren do? What can the chil-dren do? They can sow good
 2. What can the chil-dren do? What can the chil-dren do? They can sing His
 3. What can the chil-dren do? What can the chil-dren do? They can learn His



seed, They can do good deeds, For the gath'-ring by and by, For
 love, Sing the mighty love Of the Sav-iour who came to die, That the
 truth In the days of youth, They can work in the Sav-iour's field, For



the gath'ring by and by, For the gath'-ring by and by; They can
 wand'ring one may be sav'd, That the wand'ring one may be sav'd; They will
 the gath'ring by and by, And the Sav-iour will sweet-ly say "Come ye



sow good seed in the days of youth, For the gath'-ring by and by.
 shine as stars in the Sav-iour's crown, In the gath'-ring by and by.
 bless-ed, come to your Fa-ther's home, "In the gath'-ring by and by."

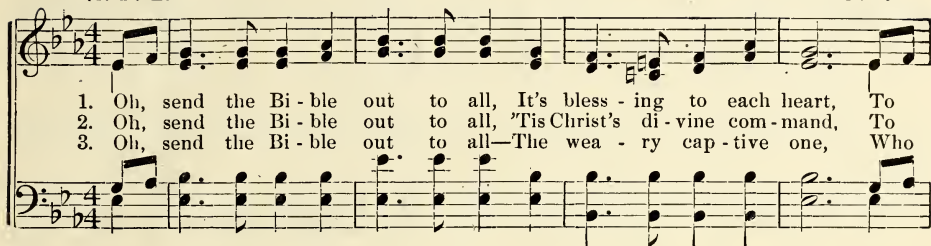
OH, SEND THE BIBLE.

(MISSIONARY.)

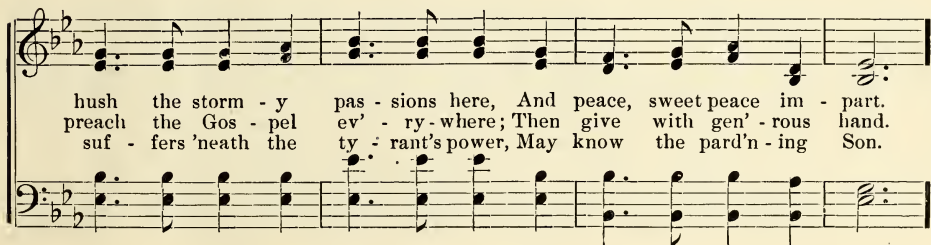
"Lift up a standard for the people."

MRS. D. E. KNOWLES.

C. E. POLLOCK.

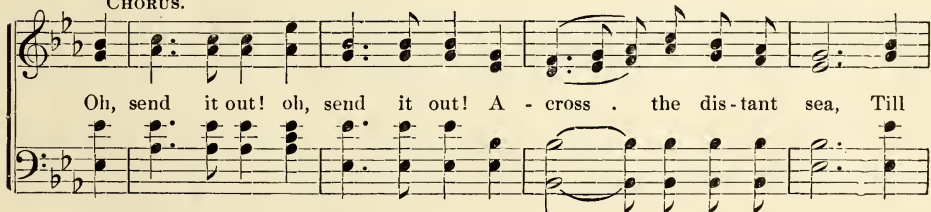


1. Oh, send the Bi - ble out to all, It's bless - ing to each heart, To
2. Oh, send the Bi - ble out to all, 'Tis Christ's di - vine com - mand, To
3. Oh, send the Bi - ble out to all - The wea - ry cap - tive one, Who



hush the storm - y pas - sions here, And peace, sweet peace im - part.
preach the Gos - pel ev' - ry - where; Then give with gen' - rous hand.
suf - fers 'neath the ty - rant's power, May know the pard'n - ing Son.

CHORUS.



Oh, send it out! oh, send it out! A - cross . the dis - tant sea, Till



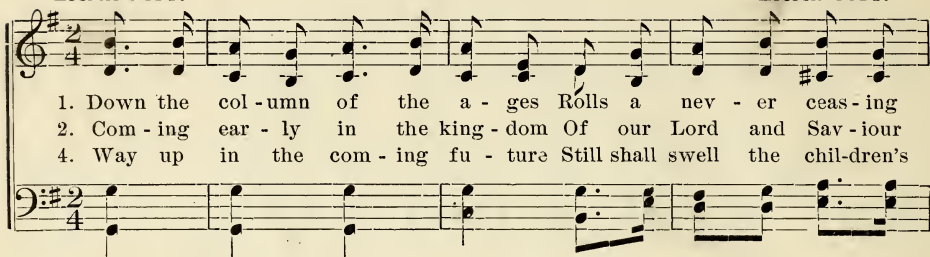
hun - gry mil - lions shall re - ceive Its truth, so full and free.

THE CHILDREN PRAISING JESUS.

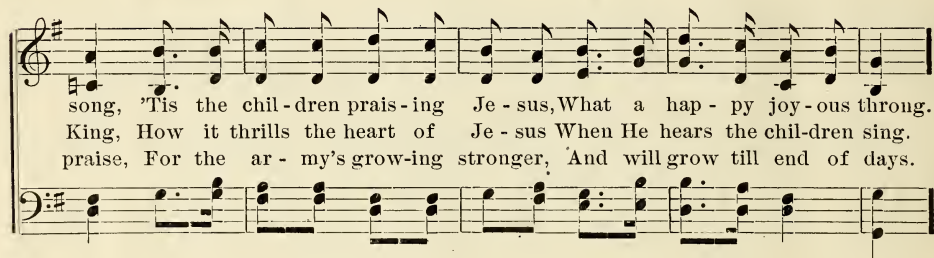
"Out of the mouths of babes — thou hast ordained praise."

EMMA PITT.

EMMA PITT.



1. Down the col - umn of the a - ges Rolls a nev - er ceas - ing
 2. Com - ing ear - ly in the king - dom Of our Lord and Sav - iour
 4. Way up in the com - ing fu - ture Still shall swell the chil - dren's



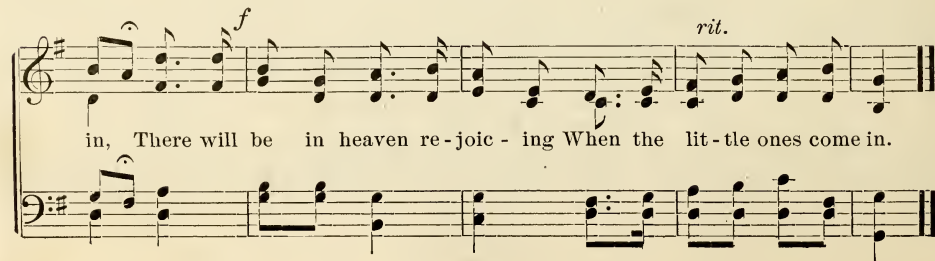
song, 'Tis the chil - dren prais - ing Je - sus, What a hap - py joy - ous throng.
 King, How it thrills the heart of Je - sus When He hears the chil - dren sing.
 praise, For the ar - my's grow - ing stronger, And will grow till end of days.

CHORUS.

con anima.



O, how it will please the Sav - iour! Lit - tle chil - dren com - ing

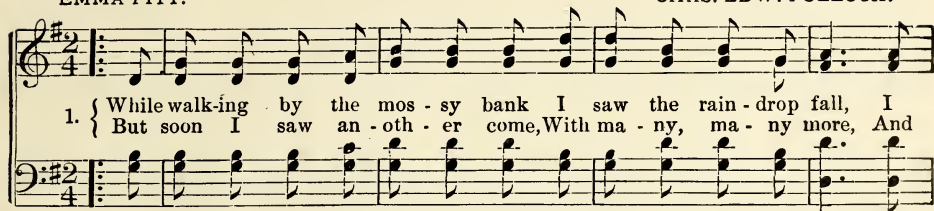


in, There will be in heaven re - joic - ing When the lit - tle ones come in.

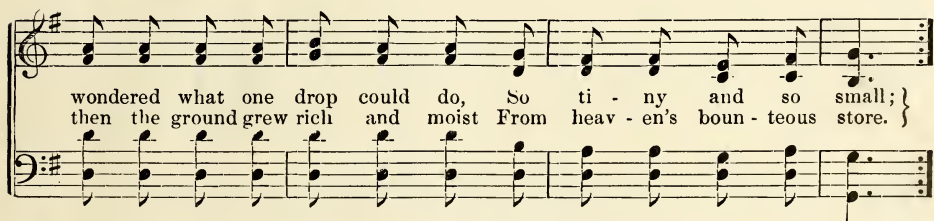
WORK FOR ALL!

EMMA PITT.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

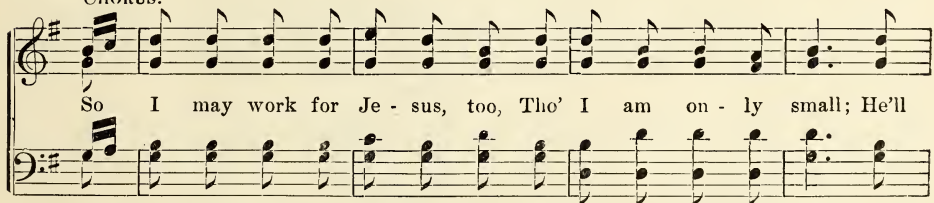


1. { While walk-ing by the mos-sy bank I saw the rain-drop fall, I
But soon I saw an-oth-er come, With ma-ny, ma-ny more, And

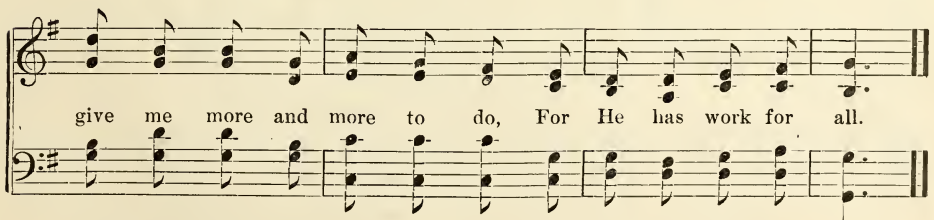


wondered what one drop could do, So ti-ny and so small; }
then the ground grew rich and moist From heav-en's boun-teous store. }

CHORUS.



So I may work for Je-sus, too, Tho' I am on-ly small; He'll



give me more and more to do, For He has work for all.

2 I saw the little brooklet glide
In ripples sweet and slow,
I lingered near its sunny side,
To see where it would go;
I could not watch it rivers make
Or join the ocean spray,
But still I know it rippled on,
And traveled ev'ry day.

3 I saw the busy, busy bee
Flit oft from flow'r to flow'r,
No store it had that I could see,
But still it worked each hour;
Oh, let us learn the simple truth,
And ever bear in mind
That ev'rything that God hath made.
Is useful in its kind.

BEAUTIFUL CROWNS.

EMMA PITT.

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown."

W. A. OGDEN.

SOLO.

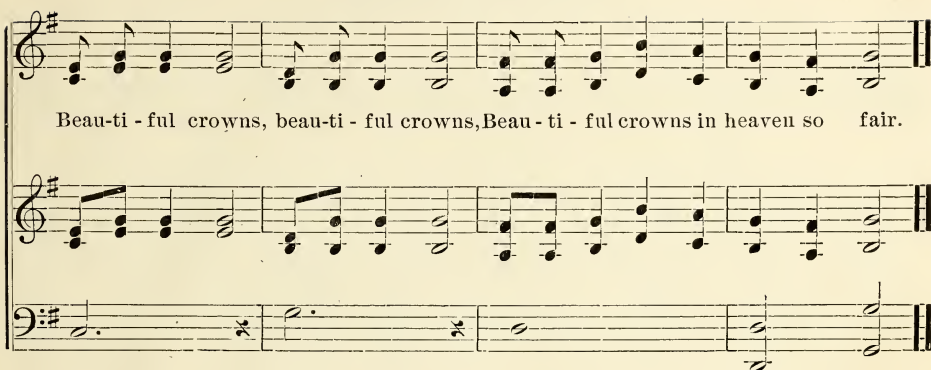
1. Beau-ti - ful crowns in heav'n we see, Beau-ti - ful crowns in heav'n for me,
 2. Beau-ti - ful harps in yon - der fold, Wonder-ful mu - sic there, we're told,
 3. Wonder - ful love for chil-dren there Beau-ti - ful robes that we shall wear,

Mer - ci - ful deeds all writ - ten down By the Saviour's hand to win my crown.
 Bright is the home with gold - en streets, And they shall be press'd by children's feet.
 Fair is the sky, the sun - ny land Where we all shall sing, a hap - py band.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful crowns, gold - en crowns, Beau-ti - ful crowns that we may wear,

BEAUTIFUL CROWNS.



RECITATION.

“I am learning how to sew,” said an eager little maid;
 “I push the needle in and out, and make the stitches strong;
 I’m sewing blocks of patchwork for my dolly’s pretty bed,
 And mamma says the way I work it will not take me long.
 It’s over and over — do *you* know
 How over-and-over stitches go?

“My papa, he’s a great big man, as much as six feet high;
 He’s more than forty, and his hair has gray mixed with the black;
 Well, *he* can’t sew! he can’t *begin* to sew as well as I.
 If he loses off a button, mamma has to set it back!
 You must n’t think me proud, you know,
 But I am seven, and *I* can sew!”

RECITATION.

O, what can little hands do
 To please the King of Heaven?
 The little hands some work may try
 To help the poor in misery:
 Such grace to mine be given.

O, what can little lips do
 To please the King of Heaven?
 The little lips can praise and pray,
 And gentle words of kindness say;
 Such grace to mine be given.

THE PANSY'S FAITH.

"Shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

E. E. REXFORD.

MAY CLIFTON.

1. Sweet lit - tle pan - sy, The win - ter is near; What will you do when the
 2. Birds seek the wood-land, But here you must stay, Poor lit - tle pan-sy! And
 3. God will care for me, So I'm not a - fraid; Brave - ly the pan-sy Smil'd

deep snow is here? "God will care for me, So I'm not a - fraid,"
 wait for the May. "Un - der the dead leaves And grass I will creep,"
 at me and said, "When spring-time com - eth, With warm A - pril rain,

CHORUS.
 Brave - ly the pan - sy smil'd at me and said. Dear lit - tle blos-som, I'll
 Answered the pan - sy, "All win - ter to sleep."
 I will a - wak - en And greet you a - gain."

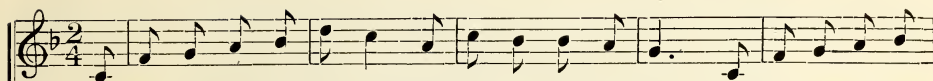
trust Him like thee, If He cares for a pan - sy, He'll take care of me.

A TEMPERANCE BOY.

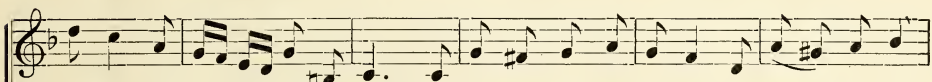
"Look not upon the wine when it is red."

* * * *

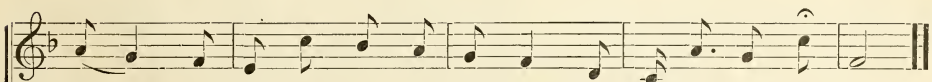
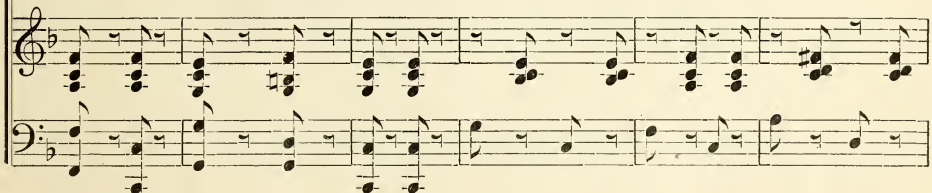
LEE G. KRATZ.



1. Some peo-ple laugh and won-der, What lit - tle boys can do, To help the temp'rance
2. The bud be-comes a flow-er, The a-corn grows a tree; The minutes make the



thunder Roll all this big world thro'. I'd have them look behind them. When they were small
hour; 'Tis just the same with me. I'm small, but I am growing As quick-ly as I



and then, I'd like just to re-mind them, That lit - tle boys make men.
can, And a tem-p'rance boy like me Will make a tem-p'rance man.





LITTLE BIRDIE.*

*** in "Songs for All."
Spirited.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Hap - py lit - tle bir - die, Sing - ing in the tree,
2. When the storms of win - ter Drive you from my door,
3. "Je - sus is my keep - er, He di - rects my way,

Tell me why you al - ways Are so blithe and free; Do you ev - er sor - row?
Who is it that guides you To a warm - er shore? Thro' the path - less heav - en's,
Taught me how to war - ble All the sum - mer day." This the bir - die told me,

Do you know a care? Sing - ing thus so glad - ly, As you mount the air.
Who points out the way, Who is it that keeps you Al - ways glad and gay?
As it mount - ed high, Sing - ing loud in glad - ness, Thro' the a - zure sky.

* From the "Tribute of Praise," by per.

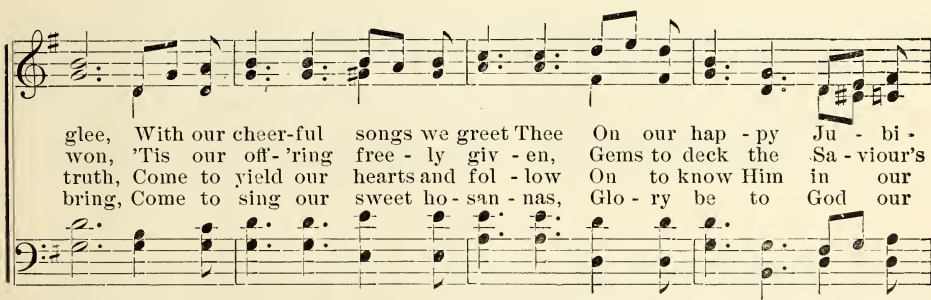
WE ARE COMING.

"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY EMMA FITZ.

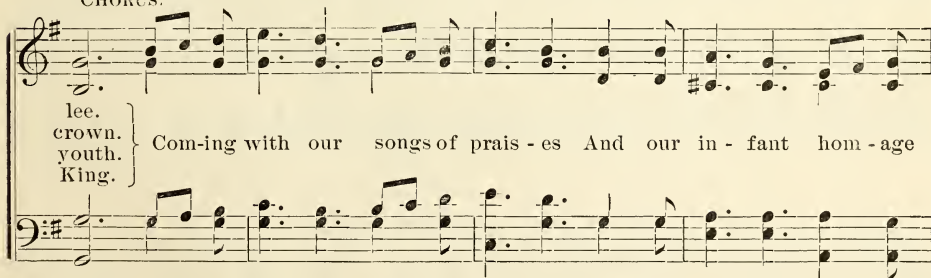


1. We are com - ing, glad - ly com - ing, Com - ing with our songs of
 2. We are com - ing, glad - ly com - ing, Come to bring our troph - ies
 3. We are com - ing, glad - ly com - ing, Guid - ed by His bless - ed
 4. We are com - ing, glad - ly com - ing, Gifts of love and praise we



glee, With our cheer - ful songs we greet Thee On our hap - py Ju - bi -
 won, 'Tis our off - ring free - ly giv - en, Gems to deck the Sa - viour's
 truth, Come to yield our hearts and fol - low On to know Him in our
 bring, Come to sing our sweet ho - san - nas, Glo - ry be to God our

CHORUS.



lee. }
 crown. } Com - ing with our songs of prais - es And our in - fant hom - age
 youth. }
 King. }



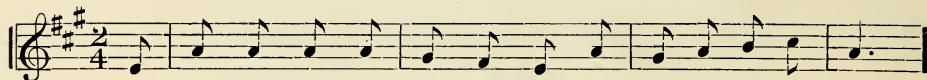
bring, Com - ing with pure heart's de - vo - tion, Come to crown the Sa - viour King.

THE BEST DAY OF THE WEEK.

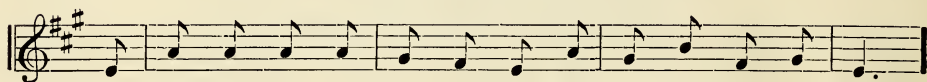
"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

EMMA PITT.

W. A. OGDEN.

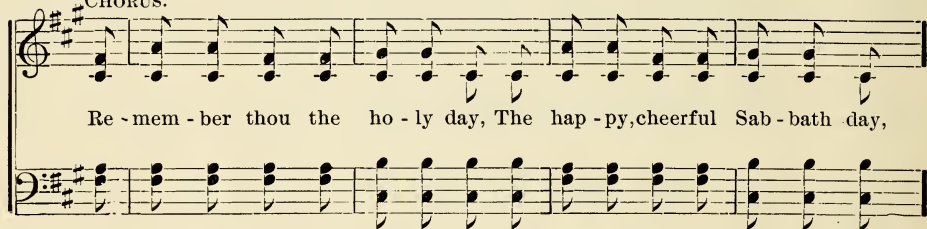


1. We dear - ly love the Sab - bath morn, The best day of the week,
2. 'Tis then we love to meet with those Who sing sweet songs of praise,
3. Re - mem' - ber then the Sab - bath day, In all things watchful be,

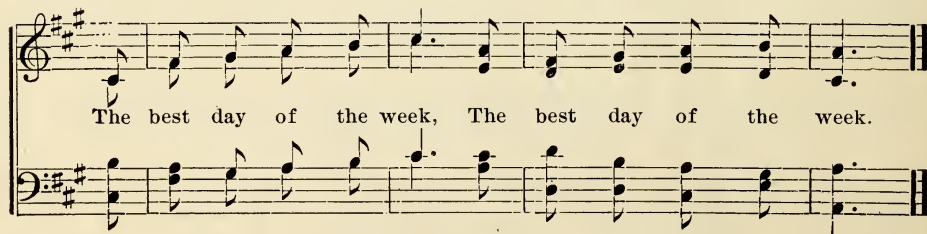


With smil - ing fa - ces then we go Thy house, dear Lord, to seek.
And learn of Je - sus, our best friend, Whose love shall crown our days.
Guard well the heart and ac - tions too, From world - ly tho'ts keep free.

CHORUS.



Re - mem - ber thou the ho - ly day, The hap - py, cheerful Sab - bath day,



The best day of the week, The best day of the week.

GOLDEN SHEAVES.

"Work while it is called to-day."

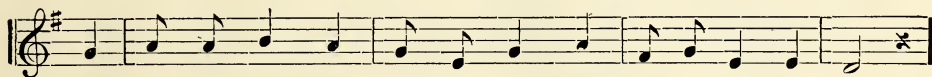
EMMA PITT.

W. A. OGDEN.

SOLO.



1. I know that oft I wan - der, And oft my spir - it grieves,
2. While life is bright and sun - ny, Now in the days of youth,
3. We sow the seed in spring-time, And then the sum - mer rain



Yet still I know the Sav - iour loves The small - est children's sheaves.
We'll ear - ly seek to gath - er in The gems of bless - ed truth.
Will make the glo - rious har - vest time To yield us gold - en grain.

CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful, gold - en sheaves, Beau - ti - ful, gold - en sheaves



We will gath - er in The beau - ti - ful, gold - en sheaves.

HELP TO THE HELPLESS.

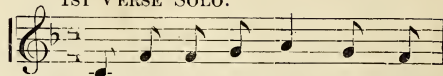
"He shall gather the lambs with his arms."

EMMA PITT.

W. A. OGDEN.



1ST VERSE SOLO.



1. I'm a lit - tle lamb of the
2. Much we need His care, need His
3. We are chil-dren dear of the



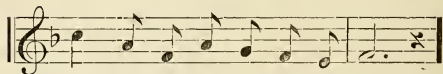
Saviour's fold, A tender lit-tle lamb am
ten-der care, To keep us ev - er from all
might-y King, Such needy lit-tle children



I, He watches me by day and
harm, But He is ver - y near us,
we, But we will trust in Him, we'll

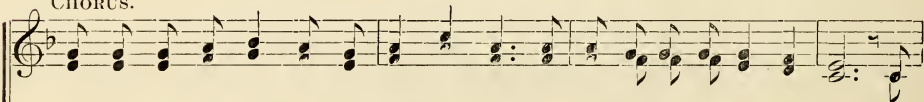


guards me thro' the night, From His
He is ver - y near And He
ev - er trust in Him, Then so

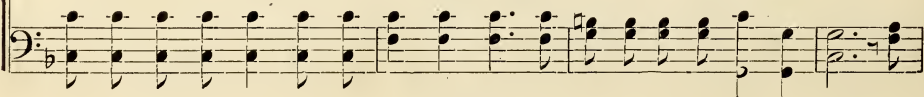


home far a-way beyond the skies.
holds, ev - er holds us with His arm.
hap - py, ev - er hap-py will be.

CHORUS.



We are lit - tle lambs of the Sav-iour's fold, Yes, ten-der lit-tle lambs are we. Tho'



HELP TO THE HELPLESS.

oft - en we may stray, He'll guide us on our way, There on His bo-som we shall be.

WELCOME HAPPY DAY.

EMMA PITT.

"Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."

H. W. PORTER.

mp

1. We would sing of Je - sus' love, In the ear - ly morn-ing, With our songs of
2. See the clouds of sil - ver grey, With new light are part - ed, 'Tis the day of
3. We will sing of Je - sus' love, And the hope He gave us, How He bore our
4. Welcome, welcome hap - py day, Wel-come East-er morn-ing, Love tri - um-phaut

f REFRAIN.

praise and joy, All the earth a-dorn - ing.	} Might-y song, wondrous theme,
all the year, For the wea-ry heart - ed.	
sins so great, Died that He might save us	
gilds the light, Earth and sky a-dorn - ing.	

Might-y song, O wondrous theme,

p *pp*

Je-sus Lord of glo - ry, Oh we love the chimes that tell Of the East-er sto - ry.

BANNER BEARERS.

"In the name of our God we have set up our banners."

EMMA PITT.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Ear-nest, faith-ful ban-ner bear-ers, Sav-iour let us tru-ly be,
 2. Sav-iour, make us standard bear-ers, Ear-ly in the days of youth;
 3. Truthful in the path of liv-ing, Ear-nest in Thy ho-ly way,

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble, and the bass provides harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Work-ing ev-er for the King-dom, For the truth that makes us free.
 Make us work-ers in Thy vine-yard, Sow-ing well the seeds of truth.
 Work-ing while the sun is shin-ing, Work-ing while 'tis called to-day.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

We are Je-sus' ban-ner bear-ers, Hold-ing up the standard high,

The chorus is marked with a double bar line and the word 'CHORUS.' above the treble staff. The melody and accompaniment continue with the same time signature and key signature.

BANNER BEARERS.

Firm - ly walk - ing in Thy foot-steps To our home be-yond the sky.

MY SAVIOUR REIGNS.

E. P.

TUNE,—AMERICA.

Maestoso.

1. My Saviour reigns a-bove In that sweet land of love Be-yond the sky; For me He
2. I'll sing His praises now, Be-fore His throne I bow, He reigns in love; Let loud ho -
3. Here naught but pain and woe, There pure joys ev-er flow, In that sweet home; Bright angels

shed His blood, That He might show the road That leads me up to God, To God on high.
 san-nas ring, To Christ, my Saviour King, Of that bright home I sing, My home a - bove.
 beck-on me, Their beauteous face I see, I come, I come to Thee, Sav-iour, I come.

CONSIDER YE THE LILIES.

"They toil not, neither do they spin."

EMMA PITT.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. Consider ye the lilies, Con-
 2. Consider ye the lilies, They
 3. Consider ye the lilies, They

tented in their lot, They grow in modest
 speak the Saviour's care ; In quiet nooks He
 toil not, neither spin ; Array'd in glorious

places, and grace each humble spot.
 gives them The whitest robes to wear.
 beauty, No King could riv-al them.

CONSIDER YE THE LILIES.

CHORUS.

1 & 2. How the Sav-iour loved them, Lil - ies of the val - ley.
 3. Mod - est ten - der lil - ies, Snow-white love - ly lil - ies.

Make us, Sav-iour, like them, spot - less Lil - ies of the val - ley.
 Je - sus loved them while on earth, He Loved the snow - y lil - lies.

HE IS VERY NEAR.

"A present help in time of need."

Legato e piano.

1. Oh, 'tis not far to Je - sus' love, He's ev - er by thy side to hear;
 2. No, 'tis not far to Je - sus' love, But seek and you shall sure - ly find
 3. Oh, 'tis not far to Je - sus' love, On - ly seek His face in prayer,

Life, peace, and joy are His to give, He is not far, but ver - y near.
 A Sav-iour who is full of help, A Sav-iour who is ev - er kind.
 He will ev - 'ry fear re - move, For He is here and ev - 'ry - where.

ONLY A SINGLE PENNY.

"Do good as ye have opportunity unto all men."

EMMA PITT.

A. B. BRAGDON.

1. On - ly a sin - gle pen - ny, 'Tis all I have to give, But
2. On - ly a sin - gle pen - ny, Sav'd from a slen - der store, Will
3. On - ly a sin - gle pen - ny, Yet now with com - fort sweet, Fear-

yet, when more are add - ed, 'T will help some one to live.
tru - ly be ac - cept - ed, If we can give no more.
ing no scorn we lay it Down at the Sa - viour's feet.

CHORUS.

On - ly the lit - tle pen - nies, Drop - ping one by one,

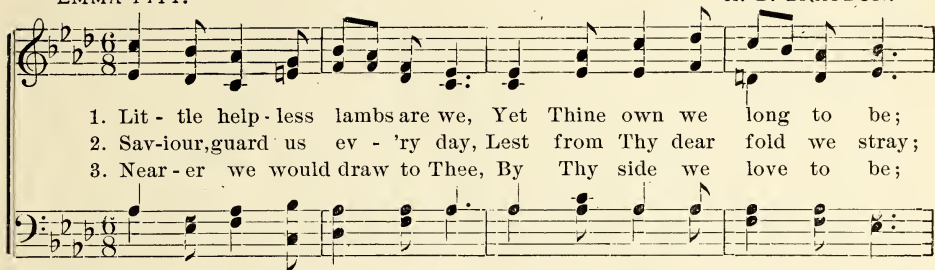
Gath - er them in the gar - ner, Till Christ's king - dom's won.

LITTLE LAMBS.

"Feed my lambs."

EMMA PITT.

A. B. BRAGDON.

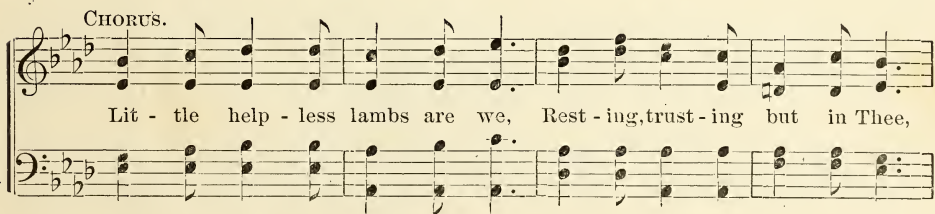


1. Lit - tle help - less lambs are we, Yet Thine own we long to be;
 2. Sav-iour, guard us ev - 'ry day, Lest from Thy dear fold we stray;
 3. Near - er we would draw to Thee, By Thy side we love to be;



In Thy arms, dear Sav - iour, hold; Lest we wan - der from the fold.
 Let us in Thy love a - bide, Keep us, Sav - iour, near Thy side.
 Trust-ing more of Thee to know, For, dear Lord, we need Thee so.

CHORUS.



Lit - tle help - less lambs are we, Rest - ing, trust - ing but in Thee,



In Thy ten - der bos - om bear For we long Thy love to share.

MORNING PRAYER.

REV. J. B. BALTZLY.

LEE G. KRATZ.

1. When I, dear Lord, a - rise from sleep, Each day my heart from e - vil keep,
 2. But should I die a - long its way, A - mid the la - bors of the day,
 3. And hum-bly ask of Thee, to lend Me wings of an - gels, to as - cend

On me Thy guard-ian spir - it send, To lead me safe - ly to its end.
 And all the scenes that it at - tend, To Thee my Spir - it I commend.
 To Thee, in Par - a - dise to - day; And this in Je - sus name I pray.

EVENING PRAYER.

REV. J. B. BALTZLY.

LEE G. KRATZ.

1. When I, dear Lord, my work have done, And I my dai - ly course have run,
 2. But should I die this ver - y night, And fail to see the morn - ing light,
 3. "I pray Thee Lord my soul to take," And keep it safe till I a - wake

When eve - ning shad-ows round me close, O Saviour grant me sweet re - pose.
 Not en - ter on an - oth - er day, With all its la - bors, mirth and play;
 In glo - ry on the last great day; And this for Je - sus' sake I pray.

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Sunday School Music,
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